

FIFTY CENTS

MARCH 23, 1970

INEFFICIENCY IN AMERICA
WHY NOTHING SEEMS TO WORK ANY MORE

TIME

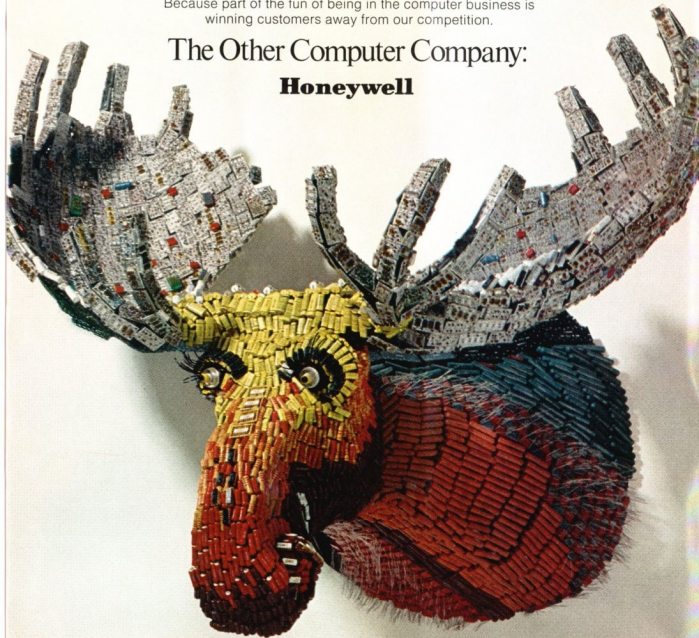


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LETTERS

Ultimate Victory?

Sir: Japan's desired goal of political and economic hegemony over the area from the Kuriles to Australia, which triggered the Pacific war, was thwarted by the industrial superiority of America. To have challenged a vast materially and financially endowed nation was an act of utter desperation. It's now emerging that Japan is being asked by the U.S. to share the defense responsibility over the same area that the Land of the Rising Sun coveted over a quarter-century ago [March 2].

It might be well to leave Japan unfettered to use its ability to supply the needs of the old "co-prosperity sphere" nations, American dominance in Asia is diminishing, and President Nixon's declaration at Guam portends the phasing out of deep involvement by the U.S. here. To lead in Asia again won't be a strange role for Japan, and the Japanese trader with his attaché case might still furnish the ultimate victory where kamikaze pilots hit a blank wall.

TANCRED R. VERZOSA

Seattle

Sir: An unremarked but vital chapter in Japan's success story deserves to be told. Shortly after the war, these practical people realized the dangers of an exploding population and took effective countermeasures. Their national re-emphasis, involving among other things a generous legalization of abortion, saved their already overcrowded lands from becoming hell in the Pacific.

Twenty-five years have seen Japan grow from a defeated midget to a powerful giant. America, take note.

FELIX LEAF

La Crescenta, Calif.

Sir: Your cover story on Japan, the Japanese and Expo 70 was a masterpiece. Totally exhilarating. Your penetrating insight perfectly captured everything Japanese.

K.K. SEO

Honolulu

Sir: I suppose the clearest memory I shall retain of the New Japan will always be the matronly housewife I spotted one day, dressed in the traditional manner, with lacquered hair and brightly colored obi around her waist, lighting a cigarette from the dash of her new Datsun sports car. Such scenes are common, even in the country, and make life here that much more interesting for the foreign guest.

JEFF VANDERFORD
Lieutenant, U.S.N.R.

FPO San Francisco

Breach of Etiquette

Sir: I am a staunch anti-Gaullist and anything but Francophile. Nonetheless, I am appalled by the boycott of Mr. Pompidou [March 2] in Congress, and by the childish, uncivilized behavior of Mayor Lindsay, in being "conveniently" away from New York so as not to give Mr. Pompidou an official welcome. Such behavior is a breach of diplomatic etiquette of the worst kind. And all this because of 109 Mirage jets? I do not recall a similar cold-shouldering of Russian leaders by American officials at the time of the Cuban missile crisis, or after the invasion of Hungary or Czechoslovakia. I wonder whether Mr. Navsez isn't nearer to the truth than we have want-

ed to believe. The U.S. is definitely biased in favor of Israel.

C.K. FENYES

Manhattan

Sir: I bitterly resent President Nixon's taking it upon himself to publicly and abjectly apologize to President Pompidou [March 16]. I believe that what he said did not represent the feelings of a majority of the people of this country.

The ludicrous sight of the President of the strongest nation in the world disguised as a lackey running to New York probably more than made up for any discomfiture suffered by President Pompidou while he was in this country. To assuage the unfriendly head of a fifth-rate power, such actions are only degrading.

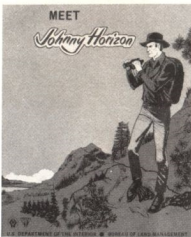
RICHARD M. PETTIGREW

York, Pa.

Here's Johnny

Sir: I read with a great deal of interest the brief item, "Smoking the Capitalist" [Feb. 16]. Of special interest was the call for a cartoon character like Smokey to deal with problems of the environment.

There is such a character, and I'd like to introduce to you Johnny Horizon. Since



June 1968, he has been the symbolic leader of Bureau of Land Management programs directed toward environmental protection, particularly litter cleanup and prevention. In this brief time, the Johnny Horizon Program has been exceptionally successful. Thirty thousand people in 18 Western states participated last October in the most extensive single cleanup campaign ever held.

JOHN MATTOON

Chief, Office of Information
Bureau of Land Management
U.S. Department of the Interior
Washington, D.C.

Call to Arms

Sir: The trial of the Chicago Seven [March 2] was simply a typical Establishment move of self-preservation. The Chicago Seven are guilty of recognizing the hypocritical state of "good old Americanism." They are further guilty of demonstrating their belief that this travesty must not continue unchecked.

The Seven were hauled into court on what is at best a specious charge of what

should be an unconstitutional law. They defended themselves as anyone would in a kangaroo court, and in the larger sense they won. As long as the Establishment continues to defend the morally bankrupt principles of the status quo, there will be armies of Sevens to put in jail.

THOMAS M. FLORIDA

Northridge, Calif.

Sir: It is a little bit difficult for a policeman to respect someone's rights while he is wiping that someone's saliva from his face, or pulling a rock out of his eye. I like to believe that the majority of people would be inclined to place the trust and safety of their rights in the hands of the police, lest they be trampled by these heroic martyrs of Judge Hoffman's courtroom. And after seeing a few of the pictures of the police alongside of these seven paragons of Christian virtue, I can't help wondering where they get the gall to call anyone a pig.

SAM ROSENBLUM

St. Louis

Sir: Does anyone realize that both John Mitchell and Julius Hoffman are, in effect, inciting more separatism, more disension, and more riots than the Seven could ever have done at Chicago? Does anyone realize that a fair and just trial by one's peers did not exist in that famous courtroom?

Mr. Majority, are you aware of what you are doing to our country?

WILLIAM M. GOODYKOONTZ

Lubbock, Texas

Silent Indeed

Sir: I wonder if anyone has pointed out that the term "the Silent Majority" had

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quite a different meaning a century ago? It referred to the dead. I came across it in a book, *Forging His Chains*, by George Bidwell, the American forger who swindled the Bank of England out of \$5 million; it was published in 1888 by the Bidwell Publishing Co. of New York and Hartford. Bidwell uses the phrase in such a way that it is obvious that everyone at the time understood "the silent majority" to mean those who were dead. I find this quite hilarious in view of its present usage by the Nixon Administration. Did whoever handed it to the President know of its former meaning? Does Spiro Agnew?

JACK COHANE

Pallaskenry, Ireland

More Shame than Pride

Sir: I was born white and raised a Southerner, admissions which are now causing me more shame than pride. With forced busing, selective law enforcement and personal liberty as smoke screens, Southern Governors and Congressmen are showing their true prejudicial colors [March 2]. I am sickened by the verbose hypocrites who give lip service to "all deliberate speed" in integration and simultaneously work with gusto to keep integration a dream.

The acquiescence of a majority of Southerners in official efforts at continued segregation is deplorable. God help the blacks; whites never will.

DAVID C. MILLER

Gainesville, Fla.

Sir: In spite of antibusing statements by President Nixon, Senator Ribicoff and var-

ious Southern Governors, the fact remains that the very children who are being bused today are America's only hope to erase tomorrow the segregated housing patterns that have made busing such a burning issue.

FREDERICK T.A. ELKINS
Associate Professor of History

University of Oklahoma
Norman, Okla.

Sir: You state that busing would be "impossible" in Washington and "impractical" in New York City. However, you recommend it as being practical and "virtually the only way" to achieve integration in smaller communities.

Am I to assume that the size and location of one's community dictate the laws he may or may not observe?

WILLIAM W. ADCKOCK

Atlanta

Pursuit of Innocents

Sir: Our whole system of justice is steadily drifting toward pursuing the innocent law-abiding citizen simply because he is a docile cooperative quarry. Now I am told that if someone incompetent parks in my trunk or brings my grillwork crashing around my skull, my insurance company should cover it [March 2].

Why not abolish all liability insurance and let each accident victim fight it out at the scene? Once we abandon the doctrines of negligence and guilt, it doesn't really matter who wins these street fights, and we could all save a lot of money.

BRUCE A. MACDONALD

Boonton, N.J.

Sir: The elimination of compensation for "pain and suffering" would result in no compensation for the suffering of a young man permanently blinded in an auto accident. The elimination of fault would provide for payment of the medical expenses of the drunken motorist who blinded him. It would seem that any savings in costs would be at the expense of the innocent victim. A better system might be one that permitted the victim to receive a proper award of damages without having to wait four or five years for his day in court.

ROBERT L. HALLORAN

Anaheim, Calif.

Ghostly Image

Sir: The article "Frank Fasi Fights Fiercely" [Feb. 23] stated that the *Star-Bulletin* printed a line that said, "Wake Up Hawaii—Vote Republican" on a political ad of Democrat Fasi. The implication was that the *Star-Bulletin* had done this deliberately, which, if true, would be reprehensible. The truth is that this line on voting Republican was offset on a press blanket from a previously run ad and, by sheer coincidence, the ghostly image appeared in a black area of Fasi's ad.

I appreciate the difficulties in boiling, compressing and rewriting a story, and for that reason I am not jumping up and down about this. But I did want you to be aware of my feelings on the matter.

HOBERT E. DUNCAN
Managing Editor

Honolulu *Star-Bulletin*
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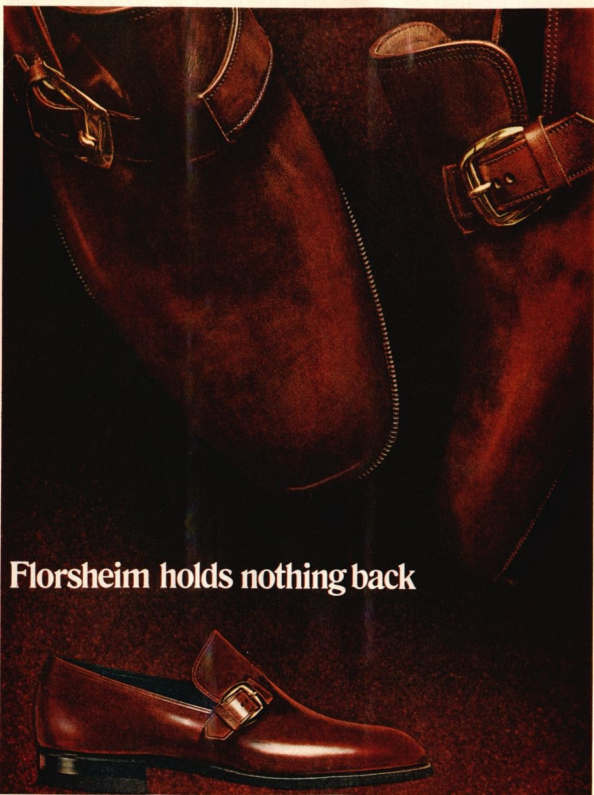
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TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE
March 23, 1970 Vol. 95, No. 12

THE NATION

AMERICAN NOTES

Stand at Isla Vista

"At some time and in some place, Americans must decide as to whether they intend to have their decisions, indeed their lives, ruled by a violent minority. We are but one bank, but we have decided to take our stand in Isla Vista."

That determined declaration by one of the nation's usually faceless financiers, Bank of America Chairman Louis B. Lundborg, may not rank historically with Martin Luther's challenge at the Diet of Worms: "Here I stand—I cannot do otherwise, God help me." It does indicate, however, that society is growing grimmer as it confronts youthful radicals and rioting students. The bank's \$275,000 Isla Vista branch was burned to the ground last month during a rampage that began on the Santa Barbara campus of the University of California. Bank officials fear that they may smell smoke again. Nonetheless, they decided not to be intimidated, and workmen erected a \$55,000 prefabricated building next to the rubble. Last week the branch was back in business, which is, ironically, mainly that of serving students at the university. So that they can stay in school, some 1,600 students have taken \$1,500,000 in loans from the bank.

Questions in Technicolor

It sounded like a supermarket sweepstakes, the jackpot being \$20,000 a year, \$260 a month toward the rent and use of a credit card. But California's Republican Senator George Murphy did

not have to fill in a lucky coupon, much less tell why he liked a detergent. Technicolor, Inc., his old employer, was content merely that he serve as its public relations consultant after he went to the Senate five years ago.

Unethical? Apparently not. Senator John Stennis, chairman of the Senate's Select Committee on Standards and Conduct, gave Murphy's arrangement his approval without even referring the matter to the members. Many men in Congress, after all, have outside sources of income, particularly from the practice of law. Still, few have such a direct connection, and probably no other legislator is the employee of a company whose chairman, like Technicolor's Patrick Frawley Jr., is a militant advocate of right-wing causes.

Question: What would Stennis, a conservative from Mississippi, have said if Murphy's boss were the N.A.A.C.P.? Or the Black Panthers? Second question: What exactly does the Senator do as a public relations consultant?

Potato Bake in Idaho

U.S. agriculture is still one of the world's wonders—and its economics is still a mess. Amid spectacular farm production and surpluses, some 15 million Americans go underfed. Last week, in an attempt to drive the price of prize Idaho potatoes up from about \$2.50 a hundredweight to \$3.50, farmers burned 5,000,000 lbs. of them in eastern Idaho in giant bonfires fueled by straw and kerosene. If the price does not rise promptly, say the farmers, they will destroy another 5,000,000 lbs.



IBM OFFICES IN

Bombing: A Way of

ONLY nine months ago, the National Commission on the Causes and Prevention of Violence was able to report that the U.S. "has experienced almost none of the chronic revolutionary conspiracy and terrorism that plagues dozens of other nations." To be sure, plots and skirmishes have footnoted American history, and bomb blasts sometimes provided the punctuation. But they were usually isolated cases tied to a specific labor dispute, racial confrontation or criminal feud. For many decades, the specter of the political bomber has been as alien and anachronistic as the caricature of the bearded anarchist heaving a bomb the size and shape of a bowling ball. Last week that specter took on ominous substance as the nation was shaken by a series of bombings that highlighted a fearsome new brand of terrorism.

Corrupt and Doomed. Taking their cue from right-wing racists who used to keep blacks down with TNT, whites and blacks of the lunatic left have begun using explosives to produce sound effects and shock waves in their campaign to unnerve a society that they regard as corrupt and doomed. Schools, department stores, office buildings, police stations, military facilities, private homes—all have become targets. So far, miraculously, fatalities have been relatively few. One small slip, however—or one bloodthirsty bomber—could run up a death toll that could easily rival a week's total in Viet Nam. If the bomb threat continues, that is almost certain to occur.



NEW BANK BESIDE RUINS OF THE OLD
Growing grimmer in the confrontation.



MANHATTAN AFTER BLAST

Protest and Death

How slight is the margin of error has been demonstrated by the most recent bomb episodes. Two weeks ago, three explosions destroyed an elegant townhouse on Greenwich Village's West 11th Street. The basement had apparently been used as a factory for jerry-built bombs, one of which seemed to have accidentally exploded. Last week police found in the ruins the body of a young radical leader, a headless female torso, the remains of a third person so mangled that gender was still uncertain at week's end, and an arsenal of dynamite and homemade bombs (see box, page 10).

As demolition experts continued to probe the 11th Street wreckage for more explosives—and perhaps more bodies—bombs exploded at the Manhattan headquarters of Mobil Oil, IBM and General Telephone and Electronics. An organization that styled itself "Revolutionary Force 9" claimed responsibility. No one was hurt in the early-morning blasts, which were strikingly similar to three blasts in several New York office buildings last Nov. 11, but during the following two days news of the explosions triggered an outbreak of more than 600 phony bomb scares in a jittery New York. Three Molotov cocktails exploded in a Manhattan high school. There were scattered bomb threats elsewhere in the country, even at the Justice Department in Washington. One of them obliged Secretary of State William Rogers to leave his office. Mysterious nighttime explosions rocked a Pittsburgh shopping mall and a Washington nightclub. Another blast

hit the Michigan State University's School of Police Administration, and someone threw a Molotov cocktail in an Appleton, Wis., high school.

Like Tarzan, Two black militants were killed when their car was blasted to bits while they were riding on a highway south of Bel Air, Md. The dead were Ralph Featherstone, 30, and William ("Che") Payne, 26. Featherstone, a former speech therapist, was well known as a civil rights field organizer and, more recently, as manager of the Afro-American bookstore, the Drum & Spear, in Washington. Both were friends of H. Rap Brown, whose trial on charges of arson and incitement to riot was scheduled to begin last week in Bel Air. Reconstruction of the car's speedometer indicates it was traveling about 55 miles an hour when it blew up.

Police believed that Payne had been carrying a dynamite bomb on the floor between his legs and that it accidentally exploded. A preliminary FBI investigation supported that theory. Friends of the dead men contended that white extremists had either ambushed the pair or booby-trapped their car, perhaps trying to kill Brown. But police pointed out that Featherstone and Payne had driven in from Washington without notice, cruised around Bel Air briefly and seemed to be headed back. That assassins could plot and move so quickly defies belief.

Although Featherstone had not been known as an extremist, friends said that he had grown markedly more bitter in the past year. Police cited a crudely spelled typewritten statement found on his body: "To Amerika: I'm playing heads-up murder. When the deal goes down I'm gon be standing on your chest screaming like Tarzan. Dynamite is my response to your justice." Brown, meanwhile, was nowhere to be found.

The night after the Bel Air incident, a blast ripped a 30-ft. hole in the side of the Dorchester County courthouse in Cambridge, where Brown allegedly incited the 1967 riot and where his trial was originally scheduled. No one was hurt in the blast, which occurred just 100 miles from Bel Air. Police were seeking a young white woman seen at the courthouse before the blast.

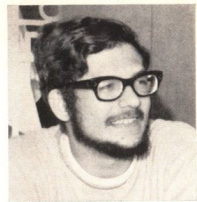
Haymarket Again. Last week's violence was only the latest in a frightening trend. Though the upswing in bombing is far from nationwide, it has occurred in widely separated parts of the country. New York and San Francisco, both areas of left-wing extremist activity, have been particularly hard hit, but so have less electric cities, including Seattle, Denver and Madison, Wis.

In New York, there were 93 bomb explosions in 1969, police say, and another 19 bombs did not explode. Half the 93 are classed as political, a category that was virtually nonexistent ten

years ago, when there were no more than 20 bombings a year. New York authorities have accused 21 Black Panthers of a conspiracy to blow up stores and railroad tracks and, during a hearing on those charges, five bombs were set off around the city in one night, three at the home of the judge. Last July through November, a series of bombs exploded in government and corporate offices in the city; three left-wing white radicals were arrested and one is still sought. The San Francisco Bay Area had an estimated 62 bombings in the past year, Seattle 33. The



FEATHERSTONE



GOLD



WILKERSON

How slight the margin for error.

* The Germanic spelling, which is used by some radicals to indicate America's control by "fascists."

FBI says that there were 61 bombing and arson cases on U.S. college campuses in 1969.

Police are a prime target of black and white revolutionaries. There were two attempted bombings of police stations in Detroit earlier this month; both failed. A blast during last October's Weatherman rampage in Chicago toppled a statue commemorating policemen killed in the 1886 Haymarket Square riot and ensuing disturbances—all of which was triggered by an anarchist's bomb. While many of the attacks are clearly aimed at property and publicity rather than people, some seek to maim and murder. A bomb that ripped through the Park Precinct house near Haight-Ashbury on Feb. 16 killed a policeman when an industrial staple taped to the weapon shot through his left eye and brain.

Psychotic fads have a way of becoming contagious, and the political left has had no monopoly on bombings. Bank robbers in Danbury, Conn., recently set off three blasts to divert cops. In Detroit, rival motorcycle gangs with nary a trace of political ideology between them dynamited each other's clubhouses. In Denver, where a battle over busing for integration rages, 38 school buses were bombed last month. Three cars were recently destroyed there in separate explosions; the only link is that all were red and foreign-made.

Cops and Robbers. The most frightening aspect of the political bomb-throwing is the cool acceptance of terror as a tactic by educated people. Mainly young, often college-educated, many are guilt-ridden offspring of middle-class affluence. Others are black militants devalued by despair. What they share is

an apocalyptic and conspiratorial view of society and an arrogant, elitist conviction that only they know how to reform the world. They have only a vague, romantic idea of overthrowing the "Establishment" and ending the Viet Nam War. Thus, their goals cannot be achieved through traditional means of reform within the system. As Berkeley Police Chief Bruce Baker points out, they are "playing a very tragic form of cops and robbers, seeing themselves as modern-day revolutionaries."

Some inkling of the bombers' psychology appeared in a letter mailed last week just before the New York office bombings by Revolutionary Force 9: "All three [companies bombed] profit not only from death in Viet Nam but also from American imperialism in all of the Third World. To numb America to the horrors they inflict on humanity,

The House on 11th Street

NEW YORK'S West 11th Street between Fifth and Sixth Avenues is a gracious, tree-shaded reminder of the Greenwich Village of Henry James. A community of successful artists, writers and businessmen, it is lined with stately town houses like the four-story dwelling at No. 18, which until last week looked much the same as when it was built in 1845. There was a formal garden in back where few sounds louder than the tinkling of teacups were ever heard. The owner of the Federal-style \$250,000 house, Businessman James Platt Wilkerson, had furnished the interior Georgian style. The rooms were filled with art and rare antiques, including a 1790 square piano. Wilkerson was especially proud of his paneled library, called the Bird Room because it housed a collection of wood, metal and china birds. It was a site for refined, elegant living.

Now No. 18 is a tangle of ground-level debris. Behind its facade of gentility, the house had become a laboratory of violence, its products designed to destroy the stable society that its elegance symbolized. When three explosions shattered the dwelling, Wilkerson's daughter Cathlyn, 25, and an unidentified young woman emerged dazed and trembling from the crumbling, burning ruins. Having donned a neighbor's old clothes, the pair disappeared before police came. At the end of last week, they were still missing.

In the ruins, police found 60 sticks of dynamite, 30 blasting caps and four dynamite-packed pipes wrapped with heavy nails that could act as flesh-shredding shrapnel. They also found the body of Theodore Gold, 23, and the unidentified remains of two other persons. A credit card belonging to Kathy Boudin, 26, who may have been the person with Cathlyn, also turned up in the debris. Gold and the girls were all mem-



bers of the violent Weatherman faction of Students for a Democratic Society. Police speculated that, while Wilkerson and his wife were vacationing in the Caribbean, the amateurs had turned the basement into a bomb factory.

The bright, attractive children of moderately wealthy families, the youngsters were unlikely by normal standards to have ended up as bombers. But in college they had turned away from traditional values and become increasingly radicalized. Though the pretty, brown-haired Miss Wilkerson attended the best of private schools and Swarthmore College, she seemed also lonely and unsure of herself. "Every time I think of something to explain Cathlyn," said her

mother, who is divorced from Cathlyn's father (both have remarried), "I think of something that contradicts it. She didn't think much of herself. And she could develop a deep and fierce loyalty to things."

Bearded Ted Gold was the son of two physicians; his father, Hyman, is known as "the Movement Doctor" for his free treatment of penniless radicals. Gold was a bright, committed student in New York's Stuyvesant High, where a former teacher, Bernard Flicker, recalls: "He had everything—wit, charm. He could have been anything." At Columbia University, Gold began as a moderate leftist, working for civil rights and antiwar causes. But he moved further toward the fringe, Flicker says, and "began to feel that protests did no good, that nothing could change. In the end, he took the view that any means to an end was legitimate."

Kathy Boudin was destined to be a crusader. Her father Leonard is a prominent lawyer for leftist causes. She was a *magna cum laude* graduate of Bryn Mawr. Her mother recalls: "Kathy did everything *cum laude*." Kathy's parents have refused to cooperate with police in their search for her, and her mother says only: "We know she is safe."

The three moved to the Weatherman organization after S.D.S. split up in a factional dispute in 1969. All had several scrapes with the law. Last year the girls were among 26 women who "raided" a Pittsburgh high school. By then, their upper-class breeding was wearing thin; some of the girls ran through the corridors bare-breasted, yelling "Jailbreak!" The girls were also arrested during the violent Weatherman clashes with police in Chicago's Grant Park last October. But their class privileges paid off: the women were released in \$40,000 bail. They are supposed to go on trial this week.

these corporations seek to enslave us to a way of 'life' which values conspicuous consumption more than the relief of poverty, disease and starvation. In death-directed America, there is only one way to a life of love and freedom: to attack and destroy the forces of death and exploitation and to build a just society—revolution."

Experts discount notions of a coherent conspiracy in the spread of left-wing bombing. They attribute it, rather, to the power of suggestion among individuals who think alike. Certainly, as the FBI maintains, some of the suggestion has been fostered by radical groups. But the blame goes deeper into the very marrow of society. Violence has become increasingly accepted in recent years. Traditional restraints are breaking down. It has become easy, in this era of mass murders and daily battle reports, to intellectualize violence and the value of revolution. This is encouraged by the seemingly slow progress of nonviolent protest and the many instances of unfair and inconsistent application of the law.

Moral Dilemma. Young people have plenty of examples of glamorous, if not always successful revolutionaries: the Stern Gang, the Irish Republican Army, Algeria's National Liberation Front, Che Guevara. Cops in San Francisco and New York City both say that the movie *The Battle of Algiers* has influenced much of the bombing surge. It centers on the moral dilemma of killing innocent people in the cause of revolution. Thirteen Panthers are on trial in New York for conspiring to plant bombs around a congested city. One member of the Committee to Free the Panther 21 argues: "Peaceful demonstrations just don't work. Whatever violence the left may do is not as violent as that of the Establishment."

In the name of their own vision of utopia, the bombers blithely risk the lives of the people to whom, they say, they would give power. There is no doubt that determined terrorists can blow up property, people and a community's equilibrium. But in a nation where the overwhelming majority favor either the status quo or orderly reform in the liberal tradition, mindless acts of violence by a self-appointed revolutionary elite only harden resistance to legitimate, necessary change. Says New York Mayor John Lindsay: "The use of explosives to tear down the system is self-defeating. It's cowardly. No democratic system can live that way. Society cannot permit it."

Sadder of all, playing at revolution is not really necessary. Many effective resources for reform are available—the courts, public opinion, peaceful demonstrations, the ballot. These vehicles are far less spectacular than TNT, but more effective in the long run. By changing the nation's mind rather than blowing it, those who seek to remake the world would at least have some chance of success.

Laos: Old War, New Dispute

EXCEPT for occasional Communist patrols that stole to within a few tantalizing miles of Luangprabang and Vientiane, there was little military movement in Laos last week. Exhausted after their defeat by Pathet Lao and North Vietnamese troops on the Plain of Jars, General Vang Pao's U.S.-supported Meo guerrillas retired into their mountains to rest and regroup. Almost nothing stirred on the ground in northern Laos, except for some 20,000 Meo, many of them families of Pao's warriors, who began "walking out" of their hillside enclaves towards the Thai border and relative safety from the new Communist push that they fear will come. Edgar "Pop" Buell, U.S. aid coordinator in Laos, estimates that disease or enemy action will take 20% of the Meo refugees during their 15-day march-by-night, hide-by-day trek west.

Despite the lull, the conflict was still

ently candid. On March 6 in Key Biscayne, he outlined the U.S. role in Laos—never before admitted in detail by any Administration—as "supportive and defensive." To emphasize the "limited" nature of the U.S. role, he stated flatly that "no American stationed in Laos has ever been killed in ground combat operations." At a "backgrounder" after the Nixon speech, a White House aide said that all of some 400 Americans killed, missing or captured in six years of war in Laos had been airmen. As for "advisers," he asserted, their casualty rate "is zero."

Case closed—or so the Administration thought. It was, however, immediately and forcibly reopened. No "ground combat deaths"? The *Los Angeles Times* last week ran Freelance Journalist Don Schanche's eyewitness account of the death of one U.S. military adviser, Captain Joseph K. Bush Jr., during an



PATHET LAO LEADER PRINCE SOUPHANOUVONG VISITING HAMLET
But what were the half brothers saying to one another?

the object of fascination and controversy, not because of the agonies of the Laotians but because of new diplomatic maneuvering and the discomfort of the Nixon Administration. Instead of quashing congressional criticism of the U.S. role in the war, the White House's explanation of the extent and nature of the U.S. involvement in Laos has only brought on a new dispute.

The Administration's troubles began weeks ago, with news of the military reversal on the Plain of Jars. The reports provided an opening for war critics like Senator George McGovern, who seized on B-52 raids on the Plain to charge that "we are going down the same road in Laos [as in Viet Nam], and we are doing it in secret." Richard Nixon's response was swift and appar-

ently candid. On March 6 in Key Biscayne, he outlined the U.S. role in Laos—never before admitted in detail by any Administration—as "supportive and defensive." To emphasize the "limited" nature of the U.S. role, he stated flatly that "no American stationed in Laos has ever been killed in ground combat operations." At a "backgrounder" after the Nixon speech, a White House aide said that all of some 400 Americans killed, missing or captured in six years of war in Laos had been airmen. As for "advisers," he asserted, their casualty rate "is zero."

In its eagerness to recoup the situ-

Bulletins from Bad Guy Land

Captain Joseph Kerr Bush Jr., 25, the Texan whose death in Laos officially did not occur in "a combat situation," saw much action nonetheless. When he arrived in the country in June 1968 as an "assistant military attaché," he was posted to Muong Soui, a key town now in Communist hands. Bush's tour ended eight months later, when a force of 20 North Vietnamese commandos attacked his hilltop compound, a camp housing a group of Air Force radar specialists. The captain died fighting, and was awarded a posthumous Silver Star. Bush's wife Carol, who lives in Temple, Texas, with her daughter, says that her husband "believed in what he was doing." As his letters to her indicate, what Bush was doing and seeing would not be unfamiliar to his counterparts in Viet Nam.

Excerpts from the letters, made available to TIME by Mrs. Bush:

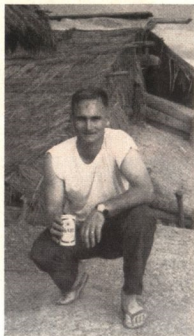
24 JUNE, '68. You asked how close Muong Soui is to Viet Nam—not close at all, but it is within sight of the Ho Chi Minh Trail. There is a war going on in Laos, and it is difficult to tell who is fighting who.

25 JUNE, '68. The Lao government doesn't really control but about one-half the country, and they're having to fight for that. From mountain tops in my area I can actually see bad guy trucks rolling down the roads in bad guy land. They've got their nerve.

13 JULY, '68. I spent the night in a small Lao position overlooking bad guy land. Did I tell you that the [good guy] Lao

usually have their dependents right with them? It looks funny to see papa standing by a machine gun with his kiddo right behind him.

1 AUG., '68. Well, today I became the official commander of U.S. forces in Muong Soui, Laos. Of course I am referring to the departure of Capt. Young and my taking his job. The only real im-



BUSH AT MUONG SOUI

portant point here being that now there is one less American around to talk to.

14 SEPT., '68. I am enclosing some Communist kip [propaganda] I picked up. The guy I got it from decided he was on the wrong side, and made the switch rather than fight. Hang on to it. I want to save it.

12 NOV., '68. I am very safe. I have guards 24 hours a day and can call for an aircraft on a moment's notice. I did think of asking to go to Vientiane, but I would let down a bunch of people who think I am really helping to do their part in fighting a way of life they would never be happy under.

2 JAN., '69. The action has been fast and furious, but our side came out smelling like a rose. I welcomed the new year in by staying awake all night flying in an observation aircraft and monitoring a big shooting match that was taking place. Quite a night.

Bush had volunteered to take the place of an ailing artillery spotter. For staying aloft 2½ hours despite intense anti-aircraft fire, he was awarded a Bronze Star and the Distinguished Flying Cross.

Bush had had an amazingly accurate premonition of his death, even as an ROTC student at Texas A. & M. "Have you thought of how you'd die?" he asked in a poem written before his 1966 graduation. His own answer:

*The morn will dawn that fatal day
I'll not be home, but far away;
In the warm jungle growth, live and
green,
When they tear through me—angry
and mean.*

action, the White House hurriedly revealed that at least 26 American civilians had died one way or another in the Laotian war. They included three members of the International Voluntary Service, a Peace Corps-style group supported in part by the State Department. The others worked for Air America, the CIA's Asian airline. Moving further, the President ordered U.S. commanders to report air and ground casualties incurred from hostile enemy action in the Laotian war separately from the Viet Nam totals, in which they had always been included.

Had the Administration been caught in a deception? Nixon had been genuinely unaware of the killing of Captain Bush, whose death had been lost in the intricacies of casualty bookkeeping. Nonetheless, it has long been common knowledge that Americans, military advisers and specialists, as well as civilians, have died in Laos under enemy fire. The credibility flap provided a new, irresistible opportunity for congressional critics of U.S. Asian policy. The major challenge came from J. William Fulbright, chairman of the Senate Foreign

Relations Committee. Last week, in an effort to maintain congressional control over the Laotian war, the Arkansas Democrat introduced a "sense of the Senate" resolution that the President could not employ ground—or air—forces in Laos without "affirmative action" by Congress.

A Hard Choice. A popular and congressional argument over Laos is precisely what the White House wanted to avoid. Nixon promised at Key Biscayne that there would be no commitment of U.S. ground troops to that country, but airpower is something else. A major reason that the U.S. is in Laos is to carry out bombing raids on North Vietnamese troops and supplies heading south on the Ho Chi Minh Trail.

Trouble on Capitol Hill could seriously crimp the Administration's already narrow room for maneuver in Laos—a fact that Hanoi and the Pathet Lao seem to appreciate thoroughly. In an intriguing and unexpected diplomatic move, Prince Souphanouvong, the Pathet Lao leader, last week offered his half brother Prince Souvanna Phouma, head of the neutralist gov-

ernment, a peace proposal. It suggested talks about a standstill cease-fire and a conference of all Lao factions aimed at restoring a new coalition government in Vientiane. There was, of course, one precondition: a U.S. withdrawal from Laos. Premier Souvanna Phouma said that he was "ready for a cease-fire," but, much to Washington's relief, he refused to discuss even a U.S. bombing cessation until Hanoi agreed to withdraw its still unacknowledged force of 67,000 troops (by White House accounting) in Laos. These troops, of course, were ignored in the Pathet Lao proposal.

The prince's public line comforted Washington, but one high Administration official confesses that "we still don't know what Souphanouvong may be telling his half brother." Eventually, the Laotian government could bend to Communist pressure and ask the U.S. to stop the bombing. In that case, Washington would face a hard choice. It could either risk a political outcry by continuing the raids, or it could stop the raids and risk giving the North Vietnamese the opportunity for still greater mischief in the big war next door.

THE WAR

The My Lai Chain

The Army's slow-moving and presumably painstaking investigation into the killing of South Vietnamese civilians at My Lai is beginning to climb the chain of command. The Army charged Lieut. William L. Calley Jr., leader of a platoon that swept through the village on March 16, 1968, with the murder of 102 people. Three enlisted men in Calley's unit were also accused. Last week Calley's immediate superior at the time, Captain Ernest Medina, commanding officer of C Company in the Americal Division's 11th Infantry Brigade, was charged with murdering four civilians and assaulting a fifth.

Instinctive Firing. Shortly after members of his company began talking publicly about the tragedy last November, Medina appeared on television and at a Washington press conference to claim that he saw "no shooting of any innocent civilians whatsoever" in the My Lai attack. He did admit personally killing a woman, explaining that he had fired instinctively, thinking she was armed, when she moved suddenly. He sharply denied the account of one of his soldiers, who said that he saw Medina shoot a boy. The charges against Medina now include those two deaths. They also include the alleged murder of two civilians who were held for questioning after the fighting had stopped. Medina had claimed earlier that two Viet Cong suspects had been killed by South Vietnamese police and that he had protested this action. Charged with Medina in those two killings is Captain Eugene M. Kotouc, an intelligence officer in the Americal Division.

Three other enlisted men of Medina's company were charged last week with various offenses at My Lai, including

rape, murder and assault with intent to commit murder, bringing the number of men officially accused so far to ten. They include one other officer, Captain Thomas K. Willingham, who was in charge of a platoon in another company operating about two miles from Medina's group during the assault. Five other men still in the service are under investigation, as are 22 members of Medina's company who are now civilians. The Army and the Justice Department are still studying whether the civilians can be prosecuted under military law.

Cover Up? The Army has also completed a nonjudicial inquiry into the affair—an attempt to find out whether a massacre actually took place and, if so, whether any Army officers attempted to cover it up. Investigators working under Lieut. General William R. Peers have interrogated 398 witnesses, and the group is now working on its report. The continued filing of charges indicates that the Army is convinced that a massacre did occur.

The question of a possible attempt to quash the incident is another issue. The chain of command went from Calley to Medina, then to Lieut. Colonel Frank A. Barker Jr., who has since died in combat. Barker's boss was Colonel Oran Henderson, then commander, 11th Infantry Brigade, which was under Major General Samuel Koster, the Americal Division commander, who is now superintendent at West Point. It seems likely that the full Peers report will not be released and that no other trials will be held until after Calley's court-martial, which is now set for May 18 at Fort Benning, Ga.

A similar and more recent case is also under investigation. Five Marine enlisted men have been charged with murdering eleven children and five women last month at the hamlet of Son Thang, about 27 miles south of Danang. All are members of the 1st Battalion of the 1st Marine Division's 7th Regiment. A military board convened at Danang last week and will decide whether the five must face court-martial.

THE DRAFT

Conscripting a Chief

With a \$38,000 salary, a chauffeured limousine and a huge office on F Street—not to mention a fiefdom of almost 10,000 deskmen—the job sounds like a bureaucrat's dream. Recently, though, it seemed as if no one in the country was willing to take the burdensome post mired in controversy. It was fitting that the Nixon Administration finally had to conscript a man to head the Selective Service System.

First time around, in fact, Curtis Tarr turned the job down flat. "I told them," he informed reporters, "that if it was satisfactory to them I had rather stay" in the Pentagon. After several more prospects had rejected the position and one



CURTIS TARR

A post mired in controversy.

contender had been unofficially vetoed by the Senate Armed Services Committee, Tarr's number was drawn again. Tarr, Assistant Secretary of the Air Force for Manpower and Reserve Affairs and at 6 ft. 6 in. perhaps the tallest member of the Nixon team, was called into the Oval Office and given the word by the President. "He said he wanted me to do it," Tarr explained, "and I accepted." His nomination went to Congress last week.

Enlisted Man. So well does Tarr, 45, fit the Administration's specifications that the only wonder is why it took so long and required so much fumbling before the word was given. The former president (1963-69) of Wisconsin's Lawrence University, a school respected for its academic standing, Tarr can claim rapport with the young and considerable sympathy for their problems. While his own children will probably never have to worry about the draft—he has two daughters, twelve and eleven—Tarr as president of a small university knew firsthand the anguish the draft can cause. "I think I can talk with the young," he said. "I'd at least like to be as close to young people in the service as possible."

At the same time, his Republican credentials are impeccable, including an unsuccessful run as the party's candidate for Congressman from California in 1958, when he was vice president of his family's farm-equipment company in Chico. A World War II draftee—he ended up as technician fourth grade—Tarr knows the draft system from the bottom up, without having been a professional soldier like his predecessor Lieut. General Lewis Hershey. After the war, Tarr received an A.B. from Stanford University and a master's degree from the Harvard Graduate School of Business Administration. He returned to Stanford for his Ph.D.; his doctoral thesis: *Unification of America's Armed*



MEDINA

Starting to climb.

Forces: A Century and a Half of Conflict, 1798-1947.

Careful Enough. The talents most needed by the director of Selective Service are tact, discretion and a sense of fairness. In his later years, Hershey, who was draft chief from 1941 until last month, became a symbol of the arbitrary imposition of punitive regulations on the young. Tarr seems careful enough to avoid being labeled doctrinaire. For example, on the question of Richard Nixon's proposed all-volunteer army—about whose virtues Congress is split—he has scarcely said a word, suggesting that a matter so important should be the decision of the President. The Administration has taken soundings, and it is confident that Capitol Hill is willing to accept the new recruit.

LEO CHOPLIN—BLACK STAR



VOTING IN NEW YORK
A surprise even for Senators.

THE CONGRESS

Extending the Franchise

Since its passage in 1965, the Voting Rights Act has added 800,000 blacks to voter registration rolls in seven Southern states. In December, following a proposal of the Nixon Administration, the House agreed to weaken the statute by eliminating the Justice Department's right to send in registrars and review voting laws in states covered by the statute. The Senate was determined to maintain the law, but last week it went much further than that. By a surprisingly large vote of 64 to 12, it passed an omnibus voting measure that not only keeps the present strong enforcement measures for the South but also extends the provisions to the North and lowers the voting age nationwide to 18. If enacted, the bill could add well over 10 million new voters to the rolls.

The decision to extend the vote to 18-

year-olds caught some Senators by surprise. Developed by Carey Parker, an aide to Senator Edward Kennedy, the proposal seeks to avoid the cumbersome process of constitutional amendment by assuming a congressional right to legislate under the "equal protection" clause of the 14th Amendment. Kennedy considered introducing the measure himself, but dropped the idea when civil rights advocates feared that it would jeopardize the voting rights bill. Majority Leader Mike Mansfield picked up the proposal, offering it as an amendment. "I've been advocating this for a decade, but nothing ever happens," said Mansfield. "I thought this was a way to have the Senate face up to its responsibilities in this area."

Some Southern Senators argued that the Constitution forbids Congress to determine voter qualifications in the individual states. Warning that an adverse ruling by the courts on any congressional reduction of the voting age could upset the results of the 1972 presidential election, Senator James Allen of Alabama tried to delay the amendment's effective date until after 1972. A majority of his colleagues went along with Mansfield's contention that the measure, which would take effect January 1, 1971, allows ample time for a court challenge.

Literacy and Residency. The bill also faces objections in the House from Representative Emanuel Celler, chairman of the House Judiciary Committee. Celler, 81, is opposed to what he calls the "teen-age vote," and has refused to allow the House even to consider the question of lowering the voting age. But Celler, who helped to draft the 1965 act, has no such reservations about the rest of the voting-rights package as passed by the Senate.

Nor should he have. The Senate version includes the President's proposals for the nationwide suspension of literacy tests and relaxation of residency requirements. But it also retains, for five more years, the strong enforcement machinery that Nixon would scrap. The original act applied to states and counties in the North and South where less than 50% of the voting-age population was registered for the 1964 election, and its impact was felt primarily in the South. The Senate-passed measure has been expanded to include counties where less than half the eligible voters were registered in 1968 as well. Thus, because of heavy population shifts, the bill, theoretically at least, could bring federal pressure to bear on counties in Alaska, Arizona, California, Idaho, Oregon and New York's populous boroughs of Manhattan, Brooklyn and The Bronx. Discrimination of the kind that used to prevail in the South is extremely rare in the North, however, and it is doubtful that the Justice Department will find many violations.

Though the fight over the Voting Rights Act must still go another round in the House, politicians on both sides are

already looking beyond congressional action to the impact of the 18-year-old vote on themselves and the country. It may be lighter than many expect. Though most politicians have assumed that lowering the voting age will cause a swing to the left, Political Demographer Richard Scammon predicts no such effect. Using as a guide the 35%-40% turnout of those under 21 in two of the states that already allow them to vote—Georgia and Kentucky—Scammon ran the youth vote back over the 1968 election. The results of his experiment should prove reassuring to any politician worried about being ousted from office by youth. Not one state that Richard Nixon carried would have switched columns because of the kids.

CIVIL RIGHTS

Up from Silence

Edward Brooke has never been the noisemaking sort of politician. Though the Massachusetts Republican is the Senate's only black member, he has declined close identification with black causes. Out of a combination of party loyalty and personal inclination, Brooke has not attacked the Administration on racial issues during the past 14 months.

Opposed President. Last week he could no longer contain himself. On a CBS radio show, *Capitol Cloakroom*, the Senator accused the Nixon Administration of making a "cold, calculated political decision" to give blacks short shrift. It is "a suburban as well as a Southern strategy," said Brooke, and he predicted that Nixon and his advisers would "continue along the road they took during the campaign." Recalling a favorite Nixon campaign slogan, he added: "President Nixon said he wanted to bring us together, but everything he has done so far appears to be designed to push us further apart."

Brooke had hoped that he would never have any occasion to be in opposition to the President. During Nixon's campaign, he accompanied the candidate in a role that some condemned as that of the "company Negro." Somewhat naively, he says that, though he was aware of Nixon's Southern-oriented statements during the campaign, he did not endorse them. He made no public protest because he thought that Nixon's pro-Southern attitude would change radically after election. "I had gathered this," he insisted, "from personal, private conversations" with Nixon.

Unheard Call. Then in succession came Administration policy on school desegregation guidelines, voting rights, the nominations to the Supreme Court of Clement Haynsworth and G. Harrold Carswell, and the departure from the Department of Health, Education and Welfare of Leon Panetta, who had been a determined fighter for desegregation of schools in the South. "And let's use the right word," said Brooke. "He was fired!"

Brooke had naturally assumed that



BROOKE, NIXON CAMPAIGNING

"Suburban as well as Southern strategy."

Nixon would at least consult him about racial affairs. In 14 months the call from the White House never came, while Brooke was under increasingly heavy pressure from civil rights groups to speak out. Black militants added to Brooke's woes by dubbing him an "Uncle Tom." Now that Brooke has made the break, his example may well spur other prominent blacks into more vocal opposition.

Even in his hostile broadcast, however, Brooke had some kind words for Richard Nixon. As an early and uncompromising dove, he credited Nixon with turning the war around: "Instead of sending American boys over there, we are bringing them back." He added: "My hopes and expectations in the field of foreign policy have been rewarded; my hopes and expectations in equal opportunity and equal justice have been dashed."

At week's end the White House promised a statement soon. Brooded Brooke: "I'm hopeful that it will dampen the fires rather than add fuel. But unless it promises a reversal or a change in policy, I don't see much that a statement can do."

WELFARE

Wilbur the Shrewd

Few Congressmen gave President Nixon's welfare reform bill any chance of easy passage when it was introduced last October. House Ways and Means Committee Chairman Wilbur Mills was skeptical about the revolutionary proposal, and his opposition would have been fatal to the bill. Some legislators doubted that even Nixon really wanted the measure approved. Therefore, it came as a surprise to everyone, including the President, when Ways and Means first gave the bill its 21-to-3 ap-

proval, and then last week sent the legislation to the floor of the House. Even more surprising, Mills agreed to serve as one of its floor managers.

Suspicion. The committee's decision was both tactical and practical. Mills recognized that welfare systems throughout the country are on the brink of collapse and need more than simple repairs. Also, he was caught off guard by the Nixon message, and suspected a political trap. When HEW Secretary Robert Finch began attacking the Ways and Means Committee in public statements for delaying the welfare bill, Mills came to believe that the Administration, with an eye to this year's congressional and gubernatorial elections, was more interested in a campaign issue than welfare reform. Mills thought that Nixon would fail to push for the bill, then charge the Democrats with not caring about people for not having expedited it. His way out of the trap was simple. "If he is playing politics," Mills said, "the thing to do is fix it up and give it to him."

Mills, however, misjudged Nixon's intentions. The President really wanted the bill. He described the committee's approval as "gratifying and encouraging" and called Mills to thank him. "He convinced me of his genuine sincerity for the proposition," said Mills afterward.

The bill that emerged from the Ways and Means Committee was stronger than the one that was sent in. Mills could not support the Administration proposal as drawn; the measure would have added 12 million to the welfare rolls without any real restrictions on eligibility, hiking federal welfare costs from \$5.2 billion to \$7.6 billion a year. So Mills amended the bill. It still guarantees a minimum income of \$1,600 a year to a family of four, even if the family includes wage earners. But the bill now broadens the requirement that those receiving welfare must work if they can or accept job training if they are unemployable. Thus, if an unemployed father refused to accept suitable work or job training, his portion of the federal grant, \$500, would be eliminated. The remaining federal funds would be made available to the mother and children through a trustee or local welfare agency.

Soaring Costs. "It's not a welfare program," Mills said of the committee version. "It's a work program. We're taking this out of welfare." But not completely out of politics. One committee amendment will make the bill effective July 1, 1971, well past the congressional elections. The President to report to Congress on its effectiveness one year later. This will place the onus for soaring costs or lack of results squarely on Nixon, and right at the beginning of his 1972 campaign for re-election.

Mills' support virtually assures favorable House action on the bill, probably next week. Amendments on the floor are barred. Senate action should also be fast. The Senate Finance Com-

mittee is expected to begin hearings on the measure in early May, send it to the Senate floor in June or July. Though the Senate may increase the bill's benefit levels, the House version is likely to prevail in a conference committee. This means that by August, less than a year after it was introduced, the welfare reform bill may be back on the President's desk, this time for his signature.

OPINION

Moynihan's Memo Fever

As a renegade liberal in a relatively conservative White House shop, Daniel Patrick Moynihan has never had any illusions that life would be easy. He knew he would be under skeptical scrutiny from both left and right, and so he has been. Yet his love of the provocative phrase and the unorthodox idea is so irrepresible that his numerous memos to the President are the kind of documents that inspire huzzahs of approval or howls of censure, depending upon the perspective of the reader. They also seem to have wide appeal and, unlike most private memos, actually reach millions. Lately, Moynihan's flamboyant prose has somehow managed to leak right past the President and into the public domain.

The Counsellor to the President could not resist the fetching phrase "benign neglect" to describe his notion of the proper attitude the Government should now have toward race relations. Predictably enough, the document caused a sensation. Last week two more of his papers trickled out of the federal bureaucracy. Both were dated just before Richard Nixon was inaugurated as President, but they nevertheless drew fire

WALTER DENNETT



MOYNIHAN

For the President and everyone else.

from both conservatives and liberals and kept Moynihan a foremost topic of national controversy (TIME, March 16).

Murderous Population. Taken as a whole, the Moynihan advice in the two memos most recently disclosed was not all that extraordinary. Yet he did manage to hint that whites might have some justification for their negative attitude toward poor blacks. "It is the existence of this lower class," he wrote, "with its high rates of crime, dependency and general disorderliness, that causes nearby whites (that is to say, working-class whites; the liberals are all in the suburbs) to fear Negroes and to seek by various ways to avoid and constrain them."

He again succumbed to his weakness for the tantalizing phrase, citing the "murderous slum population" as contributing to racial tensions. That kind of talk naturally invites debate. A black activist in St. Louis dismissed Moynihan as an "ivory-tower specialist who never asked blacks about themselves and then used his Ph.D. as an indication of his authority in the academic world." Warner S. Saunders, who works with black youths in Chicago, scoffed at Moynihan as "Nixon's straw boss—the deputy in charge of the colored." The New York Times contended that Moynihan's logic is "a sophisticated rationale for racial retrogression." The Chicago Tribune's Walter Trohan, on the other hand, saw "constructive thought and literary merit" in the Moynihan prose. The Wall Street Journal claimed that Moynihan has offered "a fascinatingly perceptive analysis of the nation's present condition."

Countrymen. The whole dubious business of leaking bureaucratic papers to the press can, of course, have its sinister side. In Moynihan's case, no one could be sure whether he was being knifed from adversaries on the right, where his closeness to the President is resented, or from those on the left, where he is seen as a turncoat telling the President what he wants to hear. Yet neither Moynihan nor the White House seems to be taking it all as seriously as do outsiders. Moynihan, in fact, quipped that perhaps he will in the future address his memos to "the President and his fellow countrymen."

Actually, the public has a valid interest in learning what kind of advice its President is getting—so long as people do not get confused about who must accept the responsibility for presidential decisions. And Moynihan seems to have no reservations of his own about Nixon's attitude toward racial issues. "I know what he thinks, and I support and believe in what he thinks," Moynihan told newsmen. Once the rest of the nation is cut in on that secret, the focus of the whole debate might shift back to where it rightfully belongs—on the views of Richard Nixon rather than on those of Patrick Moynihan, the adviser who is only too willing to become the Administration's other household word.

FOREIGN AID

Jumping into a Pool

Disenchantment with ungrateful recipients and competing pressures on the federal treasury have steadily diminished American enthusiasm for helping less fortunate lands. Congress did not deign until the end of January, several months later than usual, to pass the aid appropriation for the present fiscal year. When it finally got around to what was obviously an unwelcome duty, it made the total only \$1.8 billion—the smallest amount in the 22 years of foreign aid since the Marshall Plan was launched. Last week, to save foreign aid from withering away, a 16-man presidential task force headed by Rudolph Peterson, retired President of the Bank of America, came up with a series of drastic

Nixon wants to do. Military aid would be split off entirely from economic and technical assistance, thus ending a long-standing confusion. The U.S. would set up an international development bank, which would have \$4 billion in capital and borrowing authority, and a technical-aid institute initially authorized at \$1 billion. It would also double the current U.S. annual contribution of \$500 million to the World Bank and other international aid institutions. The total outlay of federal funds for foreign economic aid would not necessarily increase at once, but the level of lending would be determined by the U.S. development bank rather than by Congress.

The Peterson report to Nixon came only a day after word leaked out about a strong critique of U.S. aid programs prepared for Secretary of State William Rogers by the American

Ambassador to Chile, Edward Korry. U.S. effectiveness has been impaired, Korry asserted, "by the persistence of inaccurate or outdated assumptions and by the pursuit of unrealistic objectives." Korry argued: "By not differentiating our development objectives in accordance with realities, we appear to be engaged in developing virtually the entire less-developed world." Like Peterson, Korry found the answer in joint responsibility by donors and receivers for financing and carrying out aid programs. In substance, the Korry and Peterson reports are similar; in tone, however, Korry's is much more harshly critical of inadequacies in the present aid structure.

The State Department played down the Korry report; one ranking official complained that Secretary Rogers found it "too revolutionary." By contrast, Nixon told reporters at Key Biscayne that he found the Peterson recommendations "fresh and exciting." He said that they will form the basis for a presidential report to Congress on foreign aid. He would, he said, "propose a new U.S. approach to foreign assistance for the 1970s."

Nixon hopes to make foreign aid more palatable to both Congress and the public, but the task will not be easy. The House, in particular, is jealous of its fiscal prerogatives and may well hesitate to turn control of the spending of U.S. aid funds over to an international agency. Foreign aid is deeply unpopular with Americans. In a Louis Harris poll taken for LIFE last year, 69% nominated foreign aid as the prime candidate for federal spending cuts. Still a condition that allows the gap between rich and poor nations to widen steadily is basically unhealthy—and dangerous to U.S. interests.



TASK FORCE CHAIRMAN PETERSON
To save aid from sliding away.

recommendations for overhauling all aid programs.

Peterson's force would abolish the U.S. Agency for International Development (AID), which now manages most of the assistance programs, and put U.S. aid funds into a pool managed jointly by the U.S. and other major international contributors, notably Western Europe and Japan. The underdeveloped countries getting aid would also have a bigger voice in deciding how the new multilateral pie would be divided. "Only a genuinely cooperative program can gain the necessary long-term public support in the U.S.," the report contended.

Unrealistic Objectives. Such a switch might appease many congressional critics of the present program, including Senators William Fulbright and Edmund Muskie, as well as George Aiken, who recently damned the existing scheme as "a diplomatic pork barrel." It would also help to further lower the U.S. profile in international affairs, as

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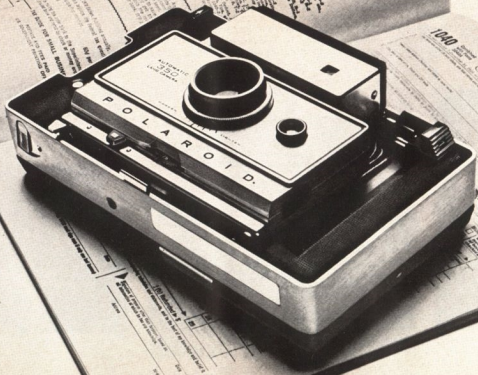
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THE WORLD

Two Germanys Face to Face

BARRING a last-minute hitch, a special train will speed eastward from Bonn one night this week on what could prove to be the most historic journey in postwar German history. The express will halt briefly at the small town of Gerstungen on the border between West and East Germany. There an East German engine and crew will take over to pull the train the remaining 40 miles to the ancient city of Erfurt. The next morning, when West German Chancellor Willy Brandt steps from his sleeping car at the Erfurt station, he will be greeted by Willi Stoph, the Premier of the German Democratic Republic.

For the first time since the two rival states were founded in 1949, the heads of government of the two Germanys will meet face to face. They will talk until evening, probably in the Erfurter Hof, a hotel near the station.

Minimum of Pomp. It is unlikely that a single meeting will produce a sensational breakthrough in the tense and frigid relations between the two German states. But it is highly significant that the meeting is being held at all. Only last week, the East Germans seemed ready to torpedo the Willy-Willi meeting by insisting on impossible demands, most notably that Brandt travel to East Berlin without setting foot in West Berlin, the city he served as mayor for almost a decade. Refusing to take *nein* for an answer, Brandt suggested a meeting in any other city. To Bonn's amazement, the East German regime proposed Erfurt as the site.

In addition, the East Germans reversed their earlier demands and agreed to a minimum of pomp. Brandt will not be required to inspect an East German honor guard or to listen to the playing of the two national anthems. Perhaps most important of all, the East Germans accepted Bonn's proposal for a second summit, to be held after Erfurt somewhere in West Germany.

Sudden Switch. The crucial factor in East Germany's sudden switch was in all likelihood the influence of the Soviets, who are also engaged in negotiations with Bonn. Concerned that a deadlock between the two Germanys would hamper progress on other fronts, the Soviets apparently prevailed upon East German Party Boss Walter Ulbricht to give his go-ahead to the Brandt-Stoph summit. When the meeting was finally scheduled, the Soviet embassy in Bonn issued a terse statement that left no doubt about Moscow's attitude. Said the Russians: "We welcome it."

The East Germans want West Germany to grant them full diplomatic recognition so that their part of Germany may take its place as a full-fledged sovereign nation in the world community. Brandt is willing to grant *de jure* recognition to East Germany—but with two important reservations. In accord with his formula of two German "states" within one "nation," he maintains that the Federal Republic will never regard the German Democratic Republic as a foreign country. He also holds that Germans of both countries will always share

a common citizenship. Moreover, before he will consider granting diplomatic recognition to East Germany, Brandt insists that progress be made in normalizing relations between the two states in such areas as travel, communications and cultural contacts.

Limited Progress. The mere fact that the Erfurt summit is being held represents a victory for Brandt's *Ostpolitik*, which aims at overcoming the obstacles that divide Europe. Last week there were also limited signs of progress in West German negotiations in Warsaw and Moscow. In the second round of negotiations between the Poles and West Germans, the two sides reportedly exchanged drafts of parts of a proposed treaty that 1) would end Bonn's claim to former German territories east of the Oder and Neisse rivers, and 2) might offer emigration opportunities to people of German descent living in the area.

In Moscow, West German State Secretary Egon Bahr had three sessions with Soviet Foreign Minister Andrei Gromyko, bringing to 30 hours the time the two men have spent together since Jan. 30. The talks are totally shrouded in secrecy. Nevertheless, some diplomats in Moscow suspect that the two sides may be nearing agreement on a joint draft of a renunciation-of-force treaty. Such an agreement would undoubtedly open the way for the West German financial aid and technical know-how that the Soviets so badly need to help their troubled economy.



BRANDT



ERFURT TOWN HALL
Willy, meet Willi.



STOPH

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Fatal Defense

Three years ago, when West Germany's air force was losing almost two Starfighter jets a month in crashes, Kai-Uwe von Hassel, who was then the Federal Republic's Defense Minister, offered a very personal defense of the ill-fated aircraft. To critics of the U.S.-designed, German-built fighter-bomber, Von Hassel replied that he had such faith in the plane that he had no hesitation about allowing his only son to become a Starfighter pilot. Last week, after a routine 75-minute flight over the North Sea, a Starfighter piloted by Lieut. Joachim von Hassel, 29, crashed into a forest and exploded in flames. Von Hassel became the 55th pilot to lose his life in the 117th Starfighter crash since 1961.



ISRAELIS SEARCHING FOR TERRORISTS
Life can be hectic.

MIDDLE EAST

The Fifth Foe

Israel is involved in a war of attrition with four neighbors—Egypt, Jordan, Syria and Lebanon—that confront it on three sides. When all the fronts are active, life can be hectic for the Israelis. Last week was such an occasion.

Aside from acts of sabotage by terrorists within Israel, there were exchanges of fire along the Suez Canal that killed two Israeli soldiers and wounded eleven. Israeli commandos also staged a swift raid on Egyptian units across the canal, and reported killing eight men while losing two. Israeli regulars and Arab guerrillas fought a series of skirmishes along Israel's border with both Lebanon and Syria. Israel admitted suffering two dead and 13 wound-

ed but claimed seven more enemy casualties. Twice on the Jordanian front, Israelis spotted guerrilla ambushes and broke them up with shellfire.

As if four foes were not enough, Israel may soon have to worry about a reinvigorated fifth. Iraq has no contiguous border with Israel, but its fanatically anti-Israel Baathist government maintains an 18,000-man expeditionary force in Jordan and Syria. The Baathists might have sent more troops but for the fact that the Iraqi army has been preoccupied for nearly nine years with rebellious Kurd tribesmen. The Kurds, who occupy most of the northern quarter of Iraq with an army of 10,000 men, have been demanding autonomy. Last week, convinced that the endless war was futile, Lieut. General Ahmed Hassan Bakr, Iraq's President, granted the country's 1,500,000 Kurds most of what they wanted.

Under terms of the agreement, the Kurds will govern their own territory and send delegates to the next Parliament. The Kurdish language will enjoy official status along with Arabic. "This is no temporary armistice," said Bakr. "This is a complete political and constitutional settlement of all existing problems, and it will prevail forever." In Iraq, forever may not mean all it appears to. A 1966 truce between the government and Kurds proved short-lived when Baghdad reneged on its promises.

If the settlement lasts, however, Israel may be in for more trouble. One consequence, Radio Baghdad noted last week, is that the government can now mobilize "Iraq's entire potential for the battle of Palestine."

CYPRUS

A Wounded Soul

When Archbishop Makarios, the bearded political and religious leader of Cyprus, visited Athens last January, Greek Strongman George Papadopoulos warned him: "Your Beatitude, you should be careful. Your safety is in danger." Makarios nodded knowingly; only recently, he confided, a foreign diplomat had told him that an assassination attempt was to be made when he returned to his troubled island. "And what did you do?" asked Papadopoulos. "I didn't pay attention," Makarios replied.

He should have. Last week, bound for a monastery 30 miles away to celebrate Mass, Makarios strapped himself inside the presidential helicopter just outside his palace in Nicosia. When the silver-and-white chopper reached rooftop level, automatic gunfire spat out from a high school across the street, riddling the craft. Makarios was uninjured, but the pilot, Army Major Zacharias Papadogiannis, 38, was wounded seriously in the abdomen. Nonetheless, though he grazed a tree as he swung desperately from the line of fire, he managed to set the craft down on a 12-ft. by 12-ft. open square. Then, mumbling, "Forgive me, Your Beatitude, but I am

wounded," Papadogiannis crawled out of the cockpit and collapsed.

Makarios, his robes smeared with the pilot's blood, pronounced a blessing over him at the hospital, then went on to preside at the appointed Mass. That evening, addressing his nation in a calm but sorrowful voice, he declared: "If the bullets did not strike my body, they struck and wounded my soul."

Still Vulnerable. Suspicion immediately centered on several Greek extremist organizations that stubbornly refuse to accept any political solution for the divided island short of *enosis* (union with Greece). Makarios has firmly expressed his belief in independence for both the Greek Cypriot majority of 490,000 and the Turkish Cypriot minority of 110,000. Moreover, the military regime in Athens has formally abandoned the idea of

UNITED PHOTOGRAPHERS



MAKARIOS BLESSING INJURED PILOT
Sorrowful words in a divided land.

enosis. Despite such opposition, extremists in recent months embarked on a new campaign of terrorism.

After the assassination attempt, police arrested more than a dozen right-wing Greek Cypriots suspected of belonging to gun-packing private armies such as the National Front. By week's end, however, at least six had been released. Police also searched the home of former Interior Minister Polycarpus Georgadjos, one of Makarios' political opponents, and announced that they had found two pistols. Despite Georgadjos' claim that they had been gifts from Makarios in friendlier days, he was fined \$384 for illegal possession. Meanwhile, Makarios' attempted assassins apparently remained on the loose, leaving the archbishop—and his volatile land—as vulnerable to danger as ever.

SOVIET UNION

Rumors of a Rift

Telex machines in newsrooms the world over last week tapped out a sensational story. Under a Vienna dateline, Reuters reported that a power struggle had broken out within the Kremlin. Citing sources in Belgrade and Prague, the article said that three Politburo members—Ideologue Mikhail Suslov, Trade Union Leader Alexander Shelepin and First Deputy Premier Kirill Mazurov—had taken the extreme step of writing a letter that blamed Party Boss Leonid Brezhnev and Premier Aleksei Kosygin for failures in the Soviet economy.

After two days of silence, the Soviet government denied that such a letter existed. Government spokesmen refused to honor the coup rumors with a denial. Neither in Moscow nor abroad was there the slightest evidence of a power struggle—or even of a letter. On the contrary, the Soviet capital was stolidly quiet. There were no signs of unusual military activity except for huge Soviet army maneuvers in Byelorussia—and Brezhnev was on the scene reviewing the exercise with Defense Minister Andrei Grechko.

Secret Speech. Despite the lack of supporting evidence, however, what made last week's rumor so intriguing to Kremlinologists was the serious economic plight of the Soviet Union. Once before, a similar situation presaged a change of leadership: that was in 1964, when Nikita Khrushchev was ousted mainly because of economic troubles. Ever since Brezhnev's secret speech to

the Central Committee in mid-December, which stressed grave economic problems, there has been speculation that a change might take place in the top leadership some time this year.

During the past three months, the substance of Brezhnev's speech has been published in *Pravda* and discussed at closed party meetings throughout the Soviet Union. By all accounts, it was a scathing attack on shortcomings, waste, inefficiency and mismanagement in the economy (*TIME*, Jan. 26). Brezhnev spoke of lost productivity because of rampant alcoholism. As one example of mismanagement, he reportedly told of a shipment of four expensive construction cranes from East Germany. All four were shipped clear across the country to Vladivostok, but two of them actually were supposed to go to Odessa. They finally arrived in damaged condition at their correct destination.

There was much for Brezhnev to deplore. Due to a combination of mismanagement, bad planning and severe winter storms, industry and agriculture are undergoing sharp slumps. Though the Kremlin claims that industrial production last year increased by 7%, U.S. sources say the actual figure may be as low as 3.5%; in any event, the 1970 planned increase, 6.3%, is the lowest goal for any peacetime year since the first Five Year Plan was introduced in 1928. Agricultural production actually fell 3% last year, and 1969 grain production dropped 10%. Anticipating severe shortages, the Soviets were forced to buy \$150 million in wheat from Canada. Such vital industries as ferrous metals, petrochemicals, paper, cement and autos fell far short of their goals.

Birthday Plans. According to reports in Moscow, Brezhnev himself did not escape criticism during the December Central Committee sessions. There are stories that Suslov openly criticized him for his handling of the economy and that Brezhnev acknowledged his shortcomings. Yet all the indications are that Brezhnev and Kosygin survived the attacks, and that the Politburo has closed ranks behind them—for the time being. The only difference seems to be that additional Politburo members, including Suslov, Mazurov and Ukrainian Party Boss Pyotr Shelest, now share in the decision making on economic issues.

At present, the members of the Politburo would undoubtedly seek to postpone any shift of power. The centennial of Lenin's birth will be celebrated next month, and Soviet leaders want to avoid any sign of disharmony that might mar the biggest birthday party ever tossed. After April, the situation may change. Since Brezhnev's remedies for the economy are unlikely to bring about an improvement, there is a distinct possibility that before the 24th Communist Party Congress convenes late this year, new leaders—or new combinations of old and new leaders—may emerge within the Kremlin.



SERVICE AT MOSCOW'S CENTRAL SYNAGOGUE
Some refused to go along.

Audacious Struggle

In an extraordinary campaign, the Soviet Union for weeks has been attacking Israel and Zionism with newspaper articles, resolutions, petitions and mass meetings. Despite a tradition of Russian anti-Semitism dating from the days of the czars, Moscow insists that the drive is not directed at the country's loyal Jews but only at the Zionists—those who believe in a separate homeland in Palestine for all Jews. The cunning thing about the campaign is that Moscow has pressured Russia's Jews into conducting it themselves. A few Jews, however, have refused to go along with the official line. Last week they were circulating audacious letters challenging the government campaign.

One Homeland. The anti-Zionist drive follows some characteristic Soviet patterns. There was a letter to Tass from a Jewish doctor in Uzbekistan: "We have never had and never will have anything in common with Zionists. We have only one homeland: the Soviet Union." Meetings of Jews were held in factories and on farms to proclaim their satisfaction with life in the Soviet Union. A group of rabbis condemned Zionists as evil men "who every day sow death and destruction on the occupied Arab lands."

Two weeks ago the campaign reached an unusual pitch in Moscow. At a government-sponsored press conference in Friendship House, a panel of prominent Jews appeared before foreign newsmen to explain an anti-Zionist statement that had been signed by 52 of them, including Bolshoi Prima Ballerina Maya Plisetskaya. Their statement declared that Zionism "expressed the chauvinist views and racist ravings of the Jewish bourgeoisie."

A reply to the government campaign was not long in coming. One group of



BREZHNEV & KOSYGIN
Much to deplore.

Solzhenitsyn: A Candle in the Wind

FOR some time, the celebrated author Alexander Solzhenitsyn has been under attack in the Soviet Union. He has been expelled from the Soviet Writers' Union and threatened with exile from his country. The official press regularly denounces him; only last week the newspaper *Sovetskaya Rossiya*, in a poem that did not name Solzhenitsyn but was plainly aimed at him, charged that he "long ago defected with his soul."

Uneasy as his situation may be at home, Solzhenitsyn is also concerned by a growing menace to his freedom from abroad. Several of his manuscripts have come into the hands of American and European publishers. At least one of the manuscripts could only have been obtained and passed on by the KGB, the Soviet secret police. None were released by Solzhenitsyn, who is categorically opposed to publication of his work in the West. He has already been accused of sending his banned writings abroad to be exploited by Russia's enemies, and of allowing his royalties to go to subversive anti-Soviet organizations. For such offenses, a Soviet citizen could be imprisoned at hard labor for seven years—Solzhenitsyn has already served eight years in Stalinist prisons and concentration camps.

Solzhenitsyn is trying to combat the threats to him on two fronts. He has pressed Soviet authorities for an answer to the question "Why do you refuse to publish me in Russia?" To prevent unauthorized publication of his works in the West, he has repeatedly and vainly asked the Soviet Writers' Union to protect his author's rights. Now that he has been expelled from the union, Solzhenitsyn has engaged a Swiss lawyer, Fritz Heeb, to balk what he regards as "the exploitation and distortion" of his work by publishers in the West. In Zurich last week, Heeb told TIME: "Solzhenitsyn has no intention of becoming the easy prey of unscrupulous publishers. He intends to take legal action, if necessary, to prevent the misuse of his name and the unauthorized publication of his work." Heeb described the charge that Solzhenitsyn's royalties have gone to "anti-Soviet organizations" as malicious and false.

Solzhenitsyn won fame in 1962 when Nikita Khrushchev authorized the publication in Russia of *One Day in the Life of Ivan Denisovich*, a chilling indictment of Stalin-era labor camps. In 1966, however, Solzhenitsyn's writings were banned. Manuscripts that Solzhenitsyn had previously submitted to Soviet publishers began circulating from hand to hand in Russia. The KGB seized others from the writer. As a result, a number of novels, stories, poems and plays have been peddled to Western publishers by shadowy figures claiming to be "representatives" of the author. Sometimes the items for sale were accompanied by purported authorizations. Some of the manuscripts that were circulating privately were brought out of the country by travelers. The secret police planted others with publishers in an attempt to manufacture a criminal case against Solzhenitsyn under the Soviet law that forbids an author to disseminate "anti-Soviet literature." Since 1968, *Cancer Ward* and other works forbidden in Russia have become bestsellers in the West despite Solzhenitsyn's vehement public protests against their publication.

It was a copy of TIME that tipped Solzhenitsyn off to the fact that one of his major new works was in the West. To his consternation and alarm, Solzhenitsyn read in the mag-

azine's issue of March 21, 1969, that Western publishers were eagerly bidding for his massive documentary novel about Stalinist concentration camps, *Archipelag Gulag*.*

Another blow to Solzhenitsyn was the appearance of a play, *Candle in the Wind*, in the German-based Russian-language magazine *Grani* last March. Friends say that Solzhenitsyn has no idea how the play reached *Grani*, which is published by a fiercely anti-Soviet organization of Russian émigrés in Frankfurt. What particularly worries Solzhenitsyn's friends is that when some other Soviet writers and intellectuals, including Alexander Ginzburg and Yuri Galsanov, were tried and convicted for anti-Soviet activities, their alleged connection with *Grani*'s publishers was cited prominently by the state. Following the *Grani* incident, the Hamburg weekly *Die Zeit* published extracts in November of an epic poem, *Prussian Nights*, attributing it to Solzhenitsyn and promising more in later issues. After Heeb protested, *Die Zeit* agreed to stop further publication.

Mysterious intermediaries have also offered European publishers an old Solzhenitsyn play, *Banquet of Victors*. Solzhenitsyn, who wrote the play in 1950 while serving in a labor camp, has often repudiated it. "It was not written by Solzhenitsyn, but by nameless prisoner No. SHCH 232," he told the Soviet Writers' Union in 1967, referring to the number he was given in prison. He also asserts that he destroyed all but one copy of the work, and that this was seized by the KGB.



ALEXANDER SOLZHENITSYN

While the storm gathers around him, Russia's greatest living writer is at work on a novel about Russia's military struggle with Germany in World War I. But his strict writing schedule has been upset since his expulsion from the Writers' Union last November. Friends report that the atmosphere in Ryazan, where he lives, is hostile and even dangerous because of threats of violence by local zealots. Since Solzhenitsyn has been denied official authorization to live in Moscow, he has taken refuge in the country house near Moscow of Celist Mstislav Rostropovich.

Friends like Rostropovich represent crucial moral and practical support for Solzhenitsyn. Well-to-do writers and other intellectuals have contributed to Solzhenitsyn's support since his income ceased with the ban on his works. But friends are finding it increasingly dangerous to rally round the beleaguered writer. Only eight out of the 6,790 members of the Soviet Writers' Union were fearless enough to protest formally Solzhenitsyn's expulsion. Two of them were promptly expelled from the union. Solzhenitsyn's protector and publisher, Alexander Tvardovsky, was forced to resign as editor of the magazine *Novy Mir* last month.

Solzhenitsyn has endured imprisonment, survived cancer, been reviled and abjured by Russia's authorities and suffered the supreme penalty for a writer—suppression of his work in his own country. Still, he seems to grow in strength and moral authority. As Solzhenitsyn himself observed in *The First Circle*: "One can build the Empire State Building, discipline the Prussian army, make a state hierarchy mightier than God, yet fail to overcome the unaccountable superiority of certain human beings."

* Literally, *Labor Camp Archipelago*. The title suggests that in the Stalin era, vast areas of the Soviet Union were dotted with countless islands of concentration camps.

39 Jews, in a signed petition that was made available to Western correspondents in Moscow, declared: "We are of those Jews who persistently express the desire to leave for Israel and unflinchingly are refused by the Soviet organs. We believe that Jews will answer the anti-Israeli campaign by fortifying their pride in their people [and] by declaring: 'Next year in Jerusalem!'" *Izvestia* denounced the petitioners as "renegades who have long been known for their Zionist views." Later, 21 other Jews scathingly noted in an open letter to the *52*: "Unlike you, we are not Jews only because this detail is noted on our identification cards. We deeply treasure the indis-soluble ties that bind us to Jews of all countries."

Incident in Georgia. Moscow is sensitive toward charges that Russian Jews are discriminated against and are not allowed to emigrate. One estimate aired by the protesting Jews last week was that in the past year 240,000 of Russia's 3,000,000 Jews have requested permission to leave, but have been turned down. An incident last year involving 18 Jewish families in Georgia contributed to the current uproar. The families claim that they were told they could join their relatives in Israel. They quit their jobs, sold their possessions and waited for documents that never came. In desperation, the group finally wrote to Israel's Premier Golda Meir, pointing out that their appeals to Russian officials had "disappeared like tear-drops in desert sands." Mrs. Meir, who is Russian-born, forwarded their "sincere and heartfelt cry of distress" to the United Nations' Human Rights Commission.

Israel's appeal to the United Nations was political as well as humane. Jerusalem and Moscow are increasingly hostile to each other, since Russia is the sponsor of Israel's Arab antagonists. The current Russian campaign appears to be aimed at impressing the Arabs and undermining the Israelis; Israel is prepared to answer in kind. Last week, the name of Jerusalem's principal intersection was changed for a day from Zion Square to "Soviet Jewry Square." Israeli motorists drove with headlights on as a sign of support for Soviet Jews. Other Israelis quickly responded to a government suggestion that they write to their kin in Russia and remind them that in the midst of the new Soviet campaign, they have not been forgotten.

CAMBODIA

Upsetting the Balance

Violent political demonstrations are a phenomenon that only rarely visit the drowsy, sylvan Cambodian capital of Phnom Penh. They have been directed against foreign embassies there only three times in memory—once against the British and twice against the Americans. Last week, six years to the day after Cambodian demonstrators attacked the American embassy in Phnom Penh to protest the U.S. pres-

ence in Southeast Asia, mobs once again rampaged through the city. This time, however, their targets were the North Vietnamese and Viet Cong embassies.

Careful Turnaround. The demonstrations began in the eastern-border province of Svay Rieng, long a vital refueling and recuperation base for Communist troops operating in South Viet Nam. Three days later, they spread to the capital as thousands of placard-carrying, student-age protesters attacked the North Vietnamese embassy, tossing furniture through doors and windows, and setting fire to several official cars. At the Viet Cong embassy, windows were smashed, doors were torn from their hinges, and the lawn was strewn with debris. The demonstrations continued for three more days, spreading to Vietnamese-owned businesses.

The trouble broke out two months after Cambodia's chief of state, Prince

ing anti-Communists who could be seeking to consolidate their own power by carrying the policy of coolness toward Hanoi and the Viet Cong farther than Sihanouk would wish. When informed of the riots, the Prince accused "certain personalities" of trying to throw Cambodia "into the arms of an imperialist capitalist power." He warned that he could be toppled by a right-wing coup.

Welcome Presence. It is possible that the cagey Prince gave the riots his tacit approval as a way of putting pressure on the Communists to reduce their forces in Cambodia. Sihanouk gave some support to that theory in an interview in Paris with Time Correspondent Roland Flamini. Preparing to depart for home via Moscow and Peking, he said that he would ask the Russians and Chinese "to exercise friendly pressure on the Viet Cong and Vietnamese not to infiltrate our borders." Unless the Com-



CAMBODIAN YOUTHS HOLDING ANTI-VIET CONG SIGNS IN PHNOM PENH
Reaction to an unpleasant new reality.

Norodom Sihanouk, left for treatment in France of a blood ailment. Sihanouk, who broke off relations with the U.S. over Viet Nam in 1965, has been executing a careful diplomatic turnaround since Washington began its withdrawal program. At the same time he has been voicing serious concern over the Communists' continued use of Cambodian territory as a base of operations.

Nevertheless, the outbursts of anti-Communist violence, which obviously had the sanction of authorities on the scene, seemed to go much farther than the Prince's delicate balancing act permitted. With an estimated 40,000 North Vietnamese and Viet Cong troops in Sihanouk's country, many of them protecting the southern terminus of the Ho Chi Minh Trail, Hanoi is certain to be alarmed by any threat to its Cambodian sanctuary.

In Sihanouk's absence, the government has been run by Premier Lon Nol, formerly a top-ranking general, and by Prince Sisowath Sirik Matak, the Deputy Premier. Both are right-lean-

ing anti-Communists who could be seeking to consolidate their own power by carrying the policy of coolness toward Hanoi and the Viet Cong farther than Sihanouk would wish. When informed of the riots, the Prince accused "certain personalities" of trying to throw Cambodia "into the arms of an imperialist capitalist power." He warned that he could be toppled by a right-wing coup.

Five years ago, Sihanouk feared that the U.S. might extend the war into eastern Cambodia. Today, he has reason to fear that the Communists have dug into that region permanently: some Communist troops have built houses and staked out farms near the Ho Chi Minh Trail. Hanoi obviously has no intention of abandoning its bases—despite a Cambodian government demand at week's end flatly that all Communist troops leave within 48 hours. Cambodia, of course, lacks the muscle to enforce that order. In any event, whoever was behind the riots, it is clear that both Sihanouk and his government's leaders view the Communist presence as the unpleasant new reality of Southeast Asia.

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You'll still get the extras Frigidaire builds into air conditioners. Quiet, so you don't have a summer that roars. Styling that makes a Frigidaire Air Conditioner look as good as it cools. (Most models have a sliding panel that covers the controls.) A washable air filter and a thermostat for automatic temperature control.

Need more excuses to buy a Frigidaire Air Conditioner now? Good. Then think hot, and go see your Frigidaire dealer while it's cool.

GM

MADE OF EXCELLENCE



Frigidaire bothers to build in more help.



This is the Air France 747. It's different. Vive la différence!



The Air France 747 is different from everyone else's 747. It's so luxurious. It's so comfortable. It's so much fun.

Take First Class aboard the Air France 747. Never has there been such luxury aloft. As you walk through the

747's double doors into the First-Class salon you'll find the gaiety of a cocktail party in a seaside hideaway on the Côte d'Azur.

With your *apéritifs* and dinner you'll discover why Air France is known as the only three-star restaurant in the sky. Our *pâtés*, *filets* and *fromages* are legendary. (Our wines simply fulfill the pretensions of their vintages.)

The service in First Class is as sinfully luxurious as the food itself. Scented towels, traveling slippers, French cologne: it's the kind of life to which you (and everyone else!) would love to become accustomed.



The French brand of comfort permeates the three Economy-Class salons of the Air France 747, too, with our roomier Economy-Class seats and wider aisles, our quiet zone of 28 seats reserved for passengers who do not wish to view the film. We've even designed part of Economy Class especially for babies and their cradles. And all these extra comforts on the Air France 747 come to you at no extra cost.



But the Air France 747 is more than luxury and comfort. It is more fun. There is a champagne cruise atmosphere in every passenger salon. And there are little French accents, like the handy buffet counter for Economy-Class passengers, wide-screen color films with stereo sound tracks in English and French, as well as stereo entertainment for every taste*.

Most of all, the Air France 747 is more fun because it's the only 747 that puts you in Paris before you get there. Everything about your trip is as marvelous as that fabulous lady who lives at the other end of your flight, her laughter and her charm, her boulevards and byways waiting just for you. Fly the Air France 747 soon. **

And *vive la différence!*

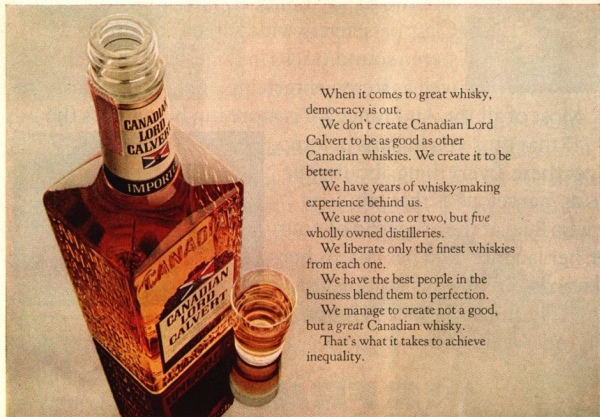


*Stereo and movies by Inflight Motion Pictures available at nominal cost.
 **Flights from New York to Paris begin May 23, from Chicago to Paris, via Montreal, June 11. For information and reservations call your Travel Agent or Air France.

AIR FRANCE
 le bon voyage



Not all Canadian
is created equal.



When it comes to great whisky,
democracy is out.

We don't create Canadian Lord
Calvert to be as good as other
Canadian whiskies. We create it to be
better.

We have years of whisky-making
experience behind us.

We use not one or two, but five
wholly owned distilleries.

We liberate only the finest whiskies
from each one.

We have the best people in the
business blend them to perfection.

We manage to create not a good,
but a *great* Canadian whisky.

That's what it takes to achieve
inequality.

Saigon's Backfiring Boom

WITH the war in a relatively quiet phase, the loudest boom in South Viet Nam these days is coming not from gunfire but from the economy. Where most nations at war—including North Viet Nam—endure rationing and self-denial, the South has spent the last few years on a prolonged shopping spree. There are no meatless Wednesdays, no food queues, few shortages of any kind. Shiny new appliances, from electric rice cookers to transistor radios, occupy conspicuous nooks even in the homes of unskilled laborers. Television antennas rise everywhere, even over tin-roofed huts. Saigon's greenery has suffered less damage from Communist bombs than from the choking exhaust fumes of Mercedes autos and Honda motorcycles.

But the boom is backfiring, with an

the publishers' privilege. Said one Cabinet member: "This was our first test of economic Vietnamization, and we failed it."

Massive Infusion. South Viet Nam's economic problems gathered momentum in the mid-1960s, when the U.S. military buildup was pouring millions of new dollars into the national till. Inflationary pressures mounted, but the "swinging-door" regimes of those years were far too shaky to combat those pressures by the normal methods of taxation, price controls and enforced savings. Instead, the government was forced to keep prices low by keeping the supply of goods high.

With a relatively small skilled work force and nationwide mobilization, South Viet Nam produces almost nothing

Regular wages, together with the money earned by many wives and children who can now find jobs, have kept most families ahead of inflation.

Even so, the threat of a ruinous inflation is never far below the surface. Thieu's austerity taxes have so far had little effect in reducing the inflow of consumer goods. Many importers get away without paying the taxes because of bribery or inefficient administration. More important, buyers value even highly taxed goods more than the shaky piaster. The black-market rate for the dollar (350 v, the legal rate of 118) is climbing. Moreover, inflation has cut deeply into the buying power and morale of government employees, most notably the 900,000-man army and militia, whose salaries have suffered a real decline over the past two years.

Few doubt the long-range potential of South Viet Nam's economy. The



MOTORBIKES LINED UP IN SAIGON



ECONOMY MINISTER NGOC

Time to pay more of the bills—as well as do more of the fighting.



BLACK-MARKET STAND IN CAPITAL

impact that threatens major trouble for President Nixon's Vietnamization program. Unless Saigon can pay more of the bills—as well as do more of the fighting—South Viet Nam will never really be able to stand on its own. Last fall President Nguyen Van Thieu took some halting steps toward economic reform, imposing taxes as high as 280% on some 1,500 imported consumer items; Hondas, for example, doubled in price to \$400.

Last week Thieu and Minister of the Economy Pham Kim Ngoc suffered a major defeat in their austerity campaign. In late February, Ngoc eliminated the favored tax status of imported newsprint. His order was designed to 1) stimulate production of newsprint, one of the few industries in the South capable of immediate expansion; 2) reduce imports; and 3) prevent publishers from buying more newsprint than they need, then selling it at a 300% markup on the black market. Fighting back, the publishers began organizing a general strike. At the last minute, Thieu reinstated

ing to trade for the vast array of imports that choke its harbors and shine alluringly on store shelves. Exports total barely \$15 million, while imports exceed \$850 million. The only thing that closes this incredible trade gap is the massive infusion of U.S. dollars. This year the South Vietnamese economy will absorb some \$400 million in direct foreign aid from the U.S., another \$400 million in Defense Department spending for local goods and services, and about \$80 million in private spending by U.S. personnel and firms. The total is equivalent to about one-fourth of South Viet Nam's gross national product.

Secret Accounts. In recent years, prices have been increasing by an annual 30%, an enormous jump by U.S. standards but moderate compared with inflation in other Asian war economies; in 1951, for example, South Korea was convulsed by a 302% leap in prices. Nongovernment salaries have increased about 20% annually; unskilled workers and farmers now average about \$75 a month, skilled laborers perhaps \$100.

country is richly endowed with timber, rubber, fish and fertile farm land. The war has brought roads and bridges that could be of enormous economic advantage in peacetime. While many businessmen still channel their profits into foreign bank accounts, a few are beginning to invest money at home. Thieu is trying to get foreign firms to build assembly plants in his country.

No Reason. Above all, however, it is the discipline of the South Vietnamese people that will make or break their economy in the short run. Since the Vietnamese pay only about half the amount of taxes collected from citizens of other developing Asian countries, Thieu's plan to enforce lax collections and reduce delinquency is not out of line. As one high official put it: "There is no reason why anyone should be driving a Mercedes in Saigon—no matter how much tax he's paid on it." Thieu's attempts to persuade his countrymen to agree may well prove a crucial test of their confidence in South Viet Nam's future.

JAPAN One Colossal Binge

Undeterred by an unseasonal dusting of snow, Emperor Hirohito and several other members of the imperial family trooped into their private box last week as the strains of *Kimi-ga-ya*, Japan's national anthem, wafted over the Senri Hills near Osaka. While multicolored flags and paper cranes swirled about them in the brisk breezes, cannons boomed a five-gun salute and a 100-piece orchestra blared *Fanfare of the 21st Century*, a piece specially written by composer Masaru Sato. Then two giant robots clanked into Festival Pla-

growing self-confidence and strength.

At least, that is how its hosts feel about it. "*Subarashii* [terrific]" said Prime Minister Eisaku Sato, after a pre-opening tour. "This is not a statement of the 20th century but one of the 21st—a good expression of our national power."

Animals No More. Two years of intensive preparations and more than \$2 billion (a large part of it for new roads, subways and housing to handle the mobs) have gone into Expo. "Why not?" asked Taizo Ishizaka, president of the Japan Expo Association. "Once in a blue moon, we Japanese must indulge in one colossal binge." Another Japanese businessman, commenting on the cost, predicted: "Nobody outside Japan is going to call us economic animals any longer. If we were, we wouldn't have spent so much for such a thing."

Seventy-seven countries and one colony (Hong Kong) have pavilions on the 815-acre Expo site. The U.S. exhibit, catering to the baseball-mad Japanese, features Babe Ruth's uniform, a lunar module and a genuine moon rock. The Russians are showing the two Soyuz rockets that docked in space in 1969, as well as a replica of the elegant 19th century room of Composer Peter Ilyich Tchaikovsky, complete with his actual grand piano.

Fair officials say they expect 50 million Japanese (roughly half the country's population) as well as 1,000,000 foreigners to visit Expo. Japanese police are ready to offer a special greeting to 203 guests—internationally known pickpockets whose biographies and photos have been supplied by Interpol; the police are also on the lookout for 482 out-standing locals.

New Version. What worries officials most of all, though, is the prospect of horrendous traffic jams and an acute shortage of hotel rooms. The Osaka area is heavily booked and even the tiny *ryokan*, or country inns, are doing good business. Tokyo, 250 miles north, is jammed as well.

It was in anticipation of the overflow from Osaka, in fact, that the owners of Tokyo's famed Imperial Hotel timed the opening of a brand-new version last week. Two years ago, wrecking crews razed Architect Frank Lloyd Wright's splendid, low-profile building, which withstood the great earthquake of 1923 and thereby became a legend. In its stead there now stands a 17-story, \$60 million structure of intersecting bronzed slabs, cap-

able of accommodating 2,400 guests.

The front courtyard and main lobby of Wright's Imperial were carefully dismantled and stored near Nagoya, south of Tokyo. They are scheduled to be reassembled in a Japanese equivalent of colonial Williamsburg, but enough money has not yet been found to pay for reconstruction. All that remains of the original Imperial in the new hotel is a 6-ft. by 5-ft. slab of green-tinted lava rock. It serves as a room divider in one of the bars.

RHODESIA

Shock of Nonrecognition

Talk about unpopularity. Rhodesia proclaimed itself a republic two weeks ago, severing its last tenuous links with Britain. Yet by the end of last week not a single country had accorded diplomatic recognition to the newborn. Worse yet, one nation after another began closing its consulate in Salisbury, the capital.

Norway and Denmark were the first to pull out. A few days later, the U.S. declared that it still considered Britain the "lawful sovereign" in Rhodesia, and followed suit. Washington's undisguised snub precipitated a wholesale departure. Italy, The Netherlands, France, Belgium, Austria and West Germany shut down; Switzerland wavered. Only South Africa and Portugal—both of which back Smith's regime—and Greece, which has an honorary consul there, were sure to remain.

African Pressure. The U.S. decision to end diplomatic relations was prompted by Secretary of State William Rogers' recent African tour. During the trip, the leaders of at least six Black African nations objected to continued U.S. relations with a country in which 234,000 whites exert total control over roughly 5,000,000 blacks. Britain, which withdrew its diplomatic representation last year, had also urged the U.S. to pull out, and a United Nations Security Council resolution, passed in 1965, called for diplomatic isolation of Rhodesia.

For Ian Smith, the U.S. move was a major diplomatic defeat. Many Rhodesians had hoped that more, not less recognition would follow the republic's official birth. Despite the shock of nonrecognition, however, Rhodesia probably will not be seriously harmed. The country's economy is prospering despite four years of U.N. sanctions. Tobacco production has dropped by two-thirds since 1966, when Smith overrode British demands for greater black representation and declared Rhodesia an independent member of the Commonwealth. But nickel, chrome and other exports are finding their way to world markets via neighboring South Africa and the Portuguese colonies of Mozambique and Angola. Salisbury's shops are full of imported goods, and the capital is even experiencing a mild building boom.



PARADE AT OPENING CEREMONIES FOR EXPO '70
The word for it was "subarashii!"

za, disorganizing 110 members of a children's band who launched into the *Expo March*. Japan's gaudy Expo '70 was officially under way.

World's fairs have been a Western fixture ever since Britain's Prince Albert staged his Crystal Palace Exhibition in 1851. But this—astonishingly—is the first world's fair ever to be held in Asia. The site is eminently suitable. Japan, all but crushed at the end of World War II, has far outdistanced every Asian nation, and most of those in the West, in an amazing economic surge that has carried it into third place (behind the U.S. and the Soviet Union) among the world's industrial giants. Gaudy, opulent, bursting at the seams, Expo '70 stands as the supreme symbol of Japan's

The Great Head Count

AT the stroke of 12 one night this month, church bells rang, sirens wailed and gongs boomed the length and breadth of Ghana. The noise signaled neither a national holiday nor a sneak air attack. It was meant simply to remind Ghanaians that a new census was about to begin.

While the U.S. early next month will take its 19th census since 1790, heads are also being counted in some 90 other countries and territories—from the U.S.S.R. to Greenland—during this decennial year. When all the figuring is done, roughly half of the world's 3.6 billion people will have been accounted for. Census takers traveling on foot and horseback, by dugout canoe, reindeer sled and helicopter will collect the raw statistics that will enable developing countries to chart their next five-year plans and industrial nations to study (among other things) the migratory patterns of their people.

Minsk in Moscow. In the Soviet Union, the counting has already been done, and the raw data are being fed into Minsk-32 computers in Moscow that will print more than 800,000 separate tables. When the Minsk are finished, they are expected to show that the U.S.S.R. has a population of some 241 million (v. 205 million projected for the U.S.). More important, they are likely to indicate that for the first time the Russian people are a minority in the Soviet Union, outnumbered by the country's 109 other nationalities.

In many Communist countries there is little need for a head count, since everyone from newborns to nonagenarians must be registered with the police. Nonetheless, demographers in Czechoslovakia and Poland as well as in Russia hope to learn useful facts, including how many households have washing machines, radios and television sets.

Machiavellian Device. First undertaken as long ago as 3800 B.C. by the Babylonians and in 3000 B.C. by the Chinese, head counts have often proved unpopular because of their association in the public mind with taxation and conscription. When a national census was proposed to the British Parliament some 200 years ago, an enraged M.P. described the project as "totally subversive to the last remains of English liberty." Only in 1801 was the idea reluctantly accepted. The notion that the census is a Machiavellian device designed to enhance the power of the government is still strong; Machiavelli did, in fact, compile a statistical abstract for Germany and France in 1515 that might be called a forerunner of modern census analysis.

In ancient times, people sometimes had to travel to their birthplace or family seat to be counted, as in the case of Mary and Joseph's eventful journey to Bethlehem. In the present day, many countries order their citizens to remain at home for a specified period to await

the census taker. All Cuba will be virtually paralyzed on census day this year except for ambulance drivers and census takers. In Mexico, fines for leaving one's house unoccupied on the vital day, Jan. 28, ran as high as \$800.

The census takers have their problems too. A few years ago a careless counter in Tanzania was devoured by crocodiles while wading across a river. In Brazil's Bahia state in 1960 one census taker, having asked how many maiden daughters there were in the family, was beaten up by an angry farmer. In Bahia, the term "maiden" daughter refers to a girl who has been seduced and abandoned. In addition to general reticence, the census taker must contend with all sorts of regional vagaries. In Jamaica, for example, the Ras Tafariian sect believes not only that Ethiopia's Emperor Haile Selassie is God and Ethiopia the Promised Land but also that head counting is forbidden by the Scriptures.

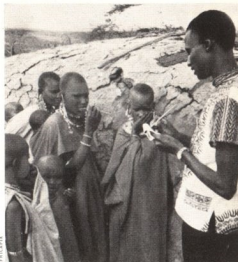
Margin of Error. Questionnaires have been standardized to some extent by widespread use of a form suggested by United Nations demographic experts, but a great deal of idiosyncrasy remains. The Brazilian form omits questions about color, but asks about personal income. Next year's British form will ignore income, but will ask several new questions about ethnic origins to determine the size and makeup of growing immigrant communities. Communist forms do not include the U.N.'s questions about religious preference, and the Soviet form lists "Jewish" as a nationality rather than a religion.

Even the best census may err by 10% or more, especially in nomadic or jungle areas or—as is suspected in connection with the 1960 U.S. census—in the slums of great cities. Nigeria's 1962 census was challenged by politicians who contended that their regions had been undercounted; when a new census was taken the following year, it showed 15 million additional people. In South Africa, current estimates place the black population at 13.3 million; but some officials believe that this year's census will show that the figure is closer to 17 million—a matter of some importance in a nation whose official *apartheid* policy assumes that the white minority will not be completely submerged by a huge black majority.

More than 30 countries, ranging from Somalia to New Guinea, have never held a census, and population figures for the world's largest country, China, are uncertain at best. Five years ago, U.S. Journalist Edgar Snow asked Chairman Mao Tse-tung how many people there were in China. Mao noted that estimates went as high as 690 million, but he doubted it. "How could there be so many?" he asked. Mao must be even more incredulous today. Latest estimates of China's population range from 750 million to 800 million.



CENSUS TAKERS AT WORK IN HUNGARY



AMONG KENYAN VILLAGERS



WITH AGED GEORGIAN IN RUSSIA
"How could there be so many?" asked Mao.

Working late used to be the way to get ahead in business. Now it's often the only way to keep up.

In the last twenty years, a drastic change has come over American offices. There's been a staggering increase in the amount of information a businessman can get to help him do his job.

Up-to-the-minute data pours in. It's analyzed by computers working at lightning speed. A businessman examines the results, makes his decisions and then—the whole communications process almost grinds to a halt.

Too often the information explosion turns into a communications bottleneck.

Because the businessman has to write his thoughts down. In longhand.

At best, he gets to dictate them to a secretary who has to write them down in shorthand. Then she types them up. Then he probably wants to make some changes. So she types them over. And then, if she makes a mistake, she retypes them once more. And who's to say the whole thing can't happen again?

Finally, if everything's all right, his thoughts are sent on their way.

The incredible fact is, in many offices it can take the best part of a whole day just to get a handful of things written, typed and sent out.

As a result, many business offices have executives spending hours doing routine paperwork when they could be doing not-so-routine brainwork. Things like directing and motivating people, making decisions, solving problems and just plain thinking.

And consider the cost. A businessman and his secretary can't turn out much more paperwork this way than they could twenty years ago. But they're being paid almost twice as much for doing it as they were twenty years ago.

And even if you're willing to pay the price of hiring more secretarial help you probably won't be able to get it. It's almost impossible to get enough people to process the paperwork that exists now. Let alone get more people to do it faster.

American business just can't afford to keep working this way.

IBM can help.

We make a family of word processing machines that can get ideas out of a businessman's mind and through his secretary's typewriter in much less time than it's taking now.

It starts with IBM dictation equipment. This allows a businessman to record his thoughts four times faster than he can write them down. Or twice as fast as his secretary can take them down in shorthand.

And it doesn't tie up her time while he's doing it.

And for his secretary, we have the IBM Mag Card Selectric® Typewriter. Each page she types is recorded on a separate magnetic card. So she never has to stop to erase or start all over again. If she makes a mistake, she just types right over it. If her boss makes a change, she just types the revision.

Then the Mag Card types back the corrected final copy—automatically—a page in less than two minutes.

We also make the IBM Selectric® Composer which a secretary can use to produce typewritten reports that look like printed reports, cutting your reproduction costs by as much as 35%.

An IBM Office Products Division Representative can show you how to change things in your office.

If you're working late again tonight, maybe you should put down your paperwork for a minute and think about calling him in the morning.

Machines should work. People should think.

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Find out all you really need. Ask a State Farm agent soon.

**Our Matchmaker
will tell you when
enough's enough.**



State Farm is all you need to know about insurance.

STATE FARM LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY. In New York and Wisconsin, non-participating life insurance is offered through State Farm Life and Accident Assurance Company. Home Offices: Bloomington, Illinois.

PEOPLE

The exhibit of memorabilia on display at the Hallmark Gallery in New York includes a "Phooey on Dewey" button, a collection of walking sticks, and the 1901 Independence, Mo., high school yearbook showing Harry and Bess in their caps and gowns. A saltier item among the souvenirs on loan from the Harry S. Truman Library is the ex-President's reply to a tongue-in-cheek suggestion from a U.S. Senator that he appoint the late John L. Lewis Ambassador to Russia. The mine workers' boss, reasoned Truman's correspondent, had a "more formidable" look than Stalin and could "roar louder" than Andrei Gromyko. A convincing argument. Replied the man from Missouri: "I wouldn't appoint John L. Lewis dogcatcher."

When a torrid billet-doux she once wrote to Dr. Christiaan Barnard hit the Italian papers, Gina Lollobrigida filed a loud complaint. La Lollo explained that she had written the scorching in English, hardly her best language; it had then been translated into German by *Quick* magazine and finally put back into her native tongue by the Italian press. The result, she said, was something less than accurate. Whatever the message, Gina is suing both Barnard and his ex-wife, who published the letter in her memoirs. She loved the surgeon once, Gina confesses, but left him because "he was a man in search of publicity."

Her modeling fees (\$2,400 per week) put her in a tax bracket where she can scarcely make a shilling more, so Les-

ley Hornby, 20, is quitting her lucrative fashion career for the uncertainty of the cinema. Director Ken Russell (*Women in Love*), who will do her first flick, says: "She'll be the greatest thing to hit the screen since Monroe." "It's got to be something nice," insists the 91-lb. cockney sprite best known as Twiggy. "I couldn't do a big sexy role."

"Priests should be considered like all other men," contends Sophia Loren. An "occasional Roman Catholic," she is "convinced that, once married, they would be better integrated in life, more capable of solving problems which surround them." By no great coincidence, the actress's next film is *The Priest's*



SOPHIA
Wives for priests.

Wife, in which she falls in love with a handsome cleric played by Marcello Mastroianni.

Independence came scarcely 20 years ago for Indonesians, and their erstwhile Dutch rulers are neither a dim nor a pleasant memory. Undaunted, peripatetic Prince Bernhard of The Netherlands paid a state visit to Djakarta—the first member of the royal family to do so in more than 130 years. Queen Juliana's 58-year-old consort came away with the nickname "Prince Charming." Kneeling before President Suharto after a state dinner, the Prince bent low and said farewell in traditional Javanese fashion, enclosing the President's hands in his own. Suharto burst into tears.

One budding fashion plate who obviously has no use for longer hemlines is Princess Anne. Alighting from a car



PRINCESS ANNE
Mini for royalty.

in Fiji, where the British royal family stopped on their world tour, minishifted Anne displayed a pair of legs that should never, never be Longuetted.

If *Laugh-In's* Dan Rowan is found lying in the street, who should be called first? His wife? Dick Martin? NBC? None of the above. A silver bracelet on Rowan's wrist requests a call to 209-634-4917, the number of an organization called Medic Alert, which has a computerized file on his diabetic condition. Manager Gil Hodges of the Mets, who has a heart condition, wears a similar safety bracelet from M.A.

The curtain rises to reveal a pile of rubbish. An unseen baby cries. The lights go up as a slow intake of breath is heard. Pause. An exhalation of breath as the lights go down. The baby cries again. Curtain. The 30-second opus, *Breath*, was playwright Samuel Beckett's contribution to a fund-raising gala for the Samuel Beckett Theater, which America's Buckminster Fuller has designed for Oxford. "Intellectually," pronounced the gala's producer, "*Breath* is impeccable."

State chairman for the American Cancer Society's Kentucky fund drive will be Basketball Coach Adolph Rupp of the famed University of Kentucky Wildcats. But that will not stop "the Baron of the Bluegrass" from raising ten acres of tobacco on his farm near Lexington and serving as a director of a group that operates tobacco auction barns. A nonsmoker himself, Rupp nonetheless feels that the evidence against cigarettes is inconclusive. "As a warehouseman and a grower," he says, "I'd be a damn fool."



TWIGGY
Switch for a sprite.

THE PRESS

No Comment

Mum was the word. Los Angeles Times Publisher Otis Chandler was on a hunting safari and could not be reached. *Newsday's* majority stockholder, Captain Harry Guggenheim, was out of reach in Florida. *Newsday* Publisher Bill Moyers was not answering his phone. "Mr. Moyers is just like everyone else around here," said an assistant. "He's under orders not to say anything to anyone about the situation."

The "situation" that all of them were not talking about was the possible sale of the nation's largest suburban daily to the publishing giant of the West. Informal meetings between *Newsday's*

ly less meteoric. From an initial press run of 30,000 copies, the smartly turned-out tabloid has grown to a circulation approaching half a million, seventh among all evening papers in the nation. *Newsday's* strength in such areas as New York entertainment and sports is particularly attractive to the Times Mirror Co., which, with the Washington Post, operates a national news service.

As if one coast-to-coast media merger were not enough, there were reports at week's end that the New York Times, which gave the Los Angeles Times *Newsday* story front-page play, was talking to the Hearst Corp. about purchasing the strike-troubled Los Angeles *Herald-Examiner*. New York Times Publisher Arthur Ochs ("Punch") Sulzberger was not available for comment.

Not So Free Press

The lot of underground newspapers anywhere in the U.S. is a hard one, inasmuch as the papers often reflect a zest for rebellion and four-letter words. But the case of the *Street Journal* & *San Diego Free Press* is something special. Intelligible and far from salacious, it manages to denounce pollution and corruption without invoking Mao Tse-tung. It even recommended the family movie *Oliver!* to its readers while suggesting earplugs for the "pretentious dialogue" of drug-oriented *Easy Rider*.

But if the *Street Journal* is no average underground paper, neither is San Diego an average U.S. city. Largely a Navy town with a sizable segment of retired servicemen and retired civilians, San Diego is prototype John Birch country. Both of its daily papers, owned by James S. Copley, reflect the city's mood, emphasizing Navy activities, Rotary Club meetings and flag ceremonies—downplaying local black and Mexican-American problems. Copley papers will not even advertise, let alone review, X-rated films like *Nightmare Cowboy*.

Smashed Typesetter. Founded in 1968 by a group of antiwar youngsters calling themselves "the People's Commune," the *Street Journal's* troubles began last October when it ran an article attacking Local Financier C. Arnhold Smith. Essentially a rehash of a *Wall Street Journal* story, the underground weekly documented how Smith, some relatives and associates made large profits from transactions with two public companies he headed. The earnings of the companies were disappointing for ordinary stockholders.

In November, bullets were fired through the windows of the *Street Journal's* offices. The glass front door was smashed, and 2,500 copies of the paper (circ. 8,000) were stolen. On Christmas Day, typesetting equipment was smashed and filled with enamel paint. In January, a commune member's car was destroyed by fire-bombing while it was parked outside commune headquarters.

Intimidating phone calls became common; some threatened death.

Nor have the San Diego police exactly ignored the *Street Journal*. During the past few months, they have searched its offices without a warrant and once arrested 25 of its vendors, mainly for "obstructing the sidewalk." Most such charges were dismissed. On one occasion a patrolman ordered a commune car towed away for violating an ordinance against parking more than 72 hours. He claimed that he had placed a stone on one of the tires, and it had not been dislodged in five days. The charge collapsed after it was shown that the car had been involved in a traffic violation three days earlier, seven miles from the parking site.

Lowell Bergman, 24, a commune leader with a master's degree in philosophy,



HARRY GUGGENHEIM

Almost as meteoric as the giant.

Guggenheim and Norman Chandler, chairman of the executive committee of the Times Mirror Co. (which publishes the Los Angeles Times), began three weeks ago. "The Captain," ailing at 79, is anxious to divest himself of the paper, and Chandler is anxious to buy, to the extent of a reported \$75 million worth of Times Mirror stock. The rub: Minority Stockholders Joseph Albright (*Newsday's* Washington bureau chief) and Alice Albright Hoge, the heirs of Mrs. Guggenheim (Alicia Patterson), were balking. At *Newsday* itself, at least 124 reporters and editors signed a petition protesting the sale.

For the Times Mirror Co., the merger—if consummated—will culminate a decade-long drive that thus far has made it the third largest in U.S. publishing. Six months ago, the company also entered into a merger agreement with the Dallas Times Herald and its three local TV and radio stations.

Newsday's growth, since its founding in 1940 in a converted garage with a \$50,000 investment, has been only slight-



LOWELL BERGMAN

In prototype Birch country.

has initiated meetings with civic leaders, police and the state attorney general's office in an effort to ease relations with the police. He has had little success, even though a report prepared by the city manager affirmed that "a high percentage" of harassment complaints were unfounded. "In a few cases police officers had been provoked," the report added. "For example, a young man waved a Viet Cong flag in the face of a police officer who is a veteran of Viet Nam."

A rare note of sympathy for the commune has come from one of the two self-acknowledged liberals on the nine-man city council, but it holds no promise of easier times for the *Street Journal*. Says Democrat Floyd Morrow: "I can unequivocally state as a former prosecutor in the city attorney's office that there is police harassment in San Diego of anything regarded as anti-Establishment or anti-Copley or anti-Smith. And I think it's unfortunate but true that lots of people in San Diego would support the police in this situation."

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ENVIRONMENT

The Advent of Big Biology

Among the odder jobs in the U.S. these days is one held by a man in northern Colorado who spends hours following a pronghorn antelope, watching it feed, and then whispering into a tape recorder. Absurd? Hardly. By such surveillance, ecologists are learning the animal's precise relationship to its environment—the grasslands of the American West. In time, the habits of the antelope and countless other creatures will be stored in the data banks of computers. Scientists will then be able to

other. "It was difficult for them to get over their individual hang-ups, their insecurities, and to expose their ignorance in fields related to their own," he says. "But they did."

I.B.P. has benefited from the new public concern over deterioration of the environment. And Congress, led by Connecticut's Representative Emilio Daddario and Maine's Senator Edmund Muskie, has been generous. At a time when funds for most other scientific-research projects have been slashed, I.B.P. has been getting more and more money: \$500,000 in fiscal 1969, \$4,000,000

around Alaska's oil-rich North Slope. ▶ Tropical forest study involves the South American rain forest—one of the earth's principal suppliers of oxygen. "Ecologically unwise use of the huge Amazon forest could have environmental repercussions with global effects," says Blair. "Yet we know less about this forest than about any other ecosystem."

▶ High-altitude study focuses on how people can live above 10,000 ft. Reason: as population increases in countries like India, more people will probably have to move to the rarified atmosphere of high-mountain areas. Carried on largely in the Andes and Rockies, the study will suggest how best to prepare for the move.

Spider's Warning. In the future, Blair, together with his Swedish and Russian counterparts, hopes to develop a global warning system to detect pollution. Before their plan is presented at the U.N. World Conference on Environment in 1972, Blair plans to test a prototype station. The system's scope will appear only as a vast number of small details are analyzed. The ability of a spider to spin a web, for example, can be affected by air pollution; mosses, which accumulate lead from the environment, are a good measure of lead pollution. In effect, the system will be analogous to the old practice of placing canaries in coal mines to warn miners of impending lethal concentrations of gas.

So far I.B.P. is illustrating the complexity of the environment and proving how one part invariably affects others. Even so, the final goal of accurately predicting the result of any specific action is still far in the future. As Health, Education and Welfare Secretary Robert Finch said when he threw his support behind the program: "Comparatively speaking, the moon shot was easy."

Week's Watch

▶ As a campus issue, environmental degradation has attracted countless student radicals. Now the honeymoon may be over. At the University of Michigan teach-in last week, dissident blacks insisted that ecology is a mere diversion from more pressing issues. "There are 50 bills in the legislature on environmental problems," said one black speaker, "but none on the rats in Detroit, Flint and Jackson." Viet Nam activists are beginning to suspect that the war is also being forgotten because of increasing emphasis on the environment. To refocus discontent on Viet Nam and racial problems, campus radicals are planning a counter teach-in on April 22, when at least 700 colleges and 2,000 high schools plan to hold peaceful environmental protests. Ironically the change seems to be the result of President Nixon's own interest in fighting pollution. Says one Stanford University student leader: "When Nixon started on environment, I stopped, I'll never be caught on his coattails."

▶ When the streams and lakes of what



ANDEAN INDIANS ON BOLIVIA'S ALTIPLANO

Also, the relationship between the cow and the bunting.

ask a computer what really happens when man changes the grasslands environment by farming, building roads or just being there.

The grasslands study fits into a larger framework: the International Biological Program. Organized by the International Council of Scientific Unions in 1964, I.B.P. involves 57 nations, most of which are concentrating on such problems as how to increase food production or control population. The U.S. has even bigger ambitions: 2,000 scientists are developing an entirely new approach to studying ecological problems, including human adaptability to different environments.

It is a stupendous task. Natural systems are scientific nightmares of complexity, redundancy and loose organization. To cope with those systems requires what I.B.P. scientists call "big biology"—the reinforcement of biology by a dozen disciplines, including meteorology, physics and geology. Because most specialists have traditionally worked alone, W. Frank Blair, chairman of the U.S. effort in I.B.P., held a series of five-day workshops at which the scientists learned to talk to one an-

in 1970, and \$7,000,000 next year.

The biggest U.S. project is the \$1,800,000 grasslands study, which has 80 scientists working in 400 counties between the Mississippi and the Rockies. Besides trailing antelopes, they are studying such seeming minutiae as the relationship between cows and lark buntings. The little birds nest on the range in saltbush, a plant that cows find delectable. As the supply of saltbush is eaten, the lark bunting population declines. Without the birds to eat grasshoppers, the insects begin to proliferate and compete with cows for grass. In the end, the cows' survival is at stake. With basic information about the entire grasslands ecosystem, the problem may become manageable.

Among other U.S. programs:

▶ Indian study is based on the theory that primitive people tend to get along well with their environment, while "civilized" people do so less well. Supplemented by field work in Brazil, the study aims to learn the lessons that Indians can teach urban Americans.

▶ Tundra study concentrates on what modern man can do to preserve the especially fragile arctic environment



OIL SLICK ON THE GULF
For want of a choke.

is now California's Death Valley dried up 25,000 years ago, the desert pupfish somehow endured in the few remaining hot springs and saline creeks. Even now these tiny (2½-in.-long) evolutionary freaks can tolerate water six times more salty than the ocean's. They frolic in water with temperatures up to 112°; in freezing water they simply hibernate. According to *Cry California* magazine, the economically useless pupfish will soon test man's reverence for life. Spring Meadows Inc., a Nevada farming company, plans to start pumping ground water to irrigate its Death Valley lands for agriculture. As a result, the springs and creeks will dry up—and even pupfish cannot survive aridity.

► Interior Secretary Walter J. Hickel was appalled. After inspecting 50 sq. mi. of oil slicks off Louisiana in the Gulf of Mexico, he called the spill a "disaster" and started a federal crackdown on the cause—a cluster of twelve offshore oil wells belonging to Chevron Oil Co. A month ago they caught fire. The blaze was snuffed out last week. But as high seas prevented capping the wells, thousands of barrels of brown crude oil started to gush into the water, posing a threat to the Louisiana coast's wildlife refuges and rich oyster beds. Fortunately the slicks blew out to sea, but Hickel said that the Interior Department will hold Chevron liable for any necessary cleanup. In addition, the Government may sue the company for 147 violations of federal offshore drilling regulations. Maximum penalty: \$2,000 per day for each violation. Chevron could have cut the damage, officials say, by installing legally required "storm chokes" that close wells when the oil flow gets out of control. Cost of the device: a mere \$800 per well.

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MODERN LIVING

Line of Most Resistance

The midi goes to great lengths to look like a loser. Unflattering (except over legs that never quit and hips that never start) and impractical (except to cover up a bad case of knees), the latest dress length seems as anachronistic as the New Look and more of a drag than the bustle.

Still, to the persistent tune of *Women's Wear Daily* pronouncements that "The Longuette is now it," U.S. designers are elbowing each other to be next in line with the line. Norman Norrell is silent on skirts, but has let it be known that he intends all fall coats to be mid-calf length. Jacques Tiffeau says that "you can't say to women, 'You've got to drop your hemline 20 inches.'" Still, he is doing just that for some coats and skirts, although he is keeping his dresses short and snappy. Bill Blass is turning out a half-hearted 50%-midi collection; Oscar de La Renta promises to go to "all lengths for spring and summer," but is flinging caution—and left-over minis—aside for a fall collection destined to be 100% pure midi. That will leave him two seasons behind James Galanos, whose current collection shows not so much as a smidgen of knee. Says he for the midi: "It was unavoidable. The time was right, and women are ready." Mrs. Richard Nixon appears to be, anyway. On a shopping trip to New York last week, she selected several knee-covering styles (one of them a genuine midi by Geoffrey Beene, was judged two inches too long, and lopped off to a length described by Designer Anne Fogarty as "moxie").

Midis already account for close to

5% of the dresses currently in stock in most U.S. stores, and French and Italian copies (most of them long-line Valentinos) filtering in this month are pushing minis even farther back on the racks. Last week Ohrbach's ushered in an import collection of 50 styles, each and every one the long length. For Seventh Avenue, the midi could be the answer to every merchant's prayers—a way out of the current buying slump. If midis catch on, they could bolster business by more than 30% this year.

Pulling the Wool. Not if much of the public can help it. "The midi is all right in its place, like in a dungeon," muttered Los Angeles Film Maker Michael Huemmer. "It makes women look like tea cosies," said a Chicago housewife. "Instant age," sniffed a Boston fashion writer. "If God wanted women to go around all covered up that way," says Atlanta TV Reporter Tom Loughney, "they'd be born like that." Still, such protests rarely reach farther than across a bar or a park bench. What the midi mania clearly calls for is mass resistance.

Mrs. Juli Reding Hutner of Los Angeles first got the idea for POOFF (Preservation Of Our Femininity and Finances) after she spent one too many ladies' luncheons bemoaning the sudden threatened obsolescence of her friends' wardrobes and her own. In one week, the organization's membership grew from 19 to 1,000 (among them, Actresses Elizabeth Scott and Connie Stevens, Mrs. Harold Robbins and Barbara Hutton's daughter-in-law, Cheryl Reventlow). Dues of \$20 a year were established, mainly to cover costs of petitions and bumper stickers like the one already

being printed in shocking pink and shocking language: UP YOUR MIDI. "We're not going to let them pull the wool over our legs as well as our eyes," says Mrs. Hutner, miniskirt flashing. "Women aren't going to be sheep any more." Sheeplishly, L.A. Mayor Sam Yorty agreed to celebrate this week as POOFF week, with booths for petition signing set up in front of the city's major department stores and restaurants. Besieged by enough petitions, Mrs. Hutner feels, designers and buyers will have to respond by boycotting the midi. "We'll win by fall," she pledges.

Men, too, are rallying to the cause. L.A. Investment Banker Neil Kneitel last week founded SMACK (Society of Males who Appreciate Cute Knees) to circulate POOFF petitions in the city's downtown area. "There isn't anything but smog and beer cans around here," Kneitel explains, "and when we get out of the board rooms and off the phones to go out to lunch, we want to see all those lovely miniskirted girls." Another male group, also called POOFF (this time, for Professional Ogglers Of Female Figures), has been formed by what its founder, James Knight, describes as "a group of unsanitary senior citizens, all of whom agree that the stock market goes down with hemlines and who would gladly vote for micro skirts above all."

Making Their Own. Chapters of Mrs. Hutner's POOFF Inc. last week broke ground in Middle America. Nebraska POOFF Chairman Mrs. Sylvia Bayless last week led her band of protesters to their first mass rally at a Bellvue shopping center. The theme—"Wear a Mini, Bring Your Man to Protest the Midi"—drew 1,000 sympathizers, all of whom dutifully signed on the dotted lines of petitions. Says Mrs. Charlotte Darwin of Goldsboro, N.C., of her prospective



VALENTINO MIDI COAT (LEFT)



BUSINESSMEN & POOFF MEMBERS IN BEVERLY HILLS

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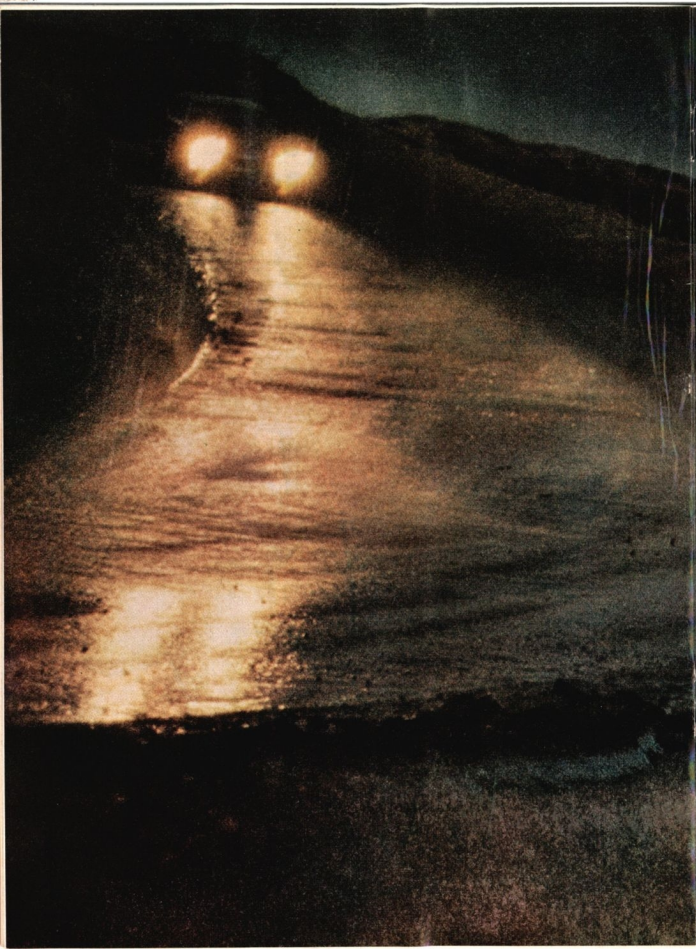
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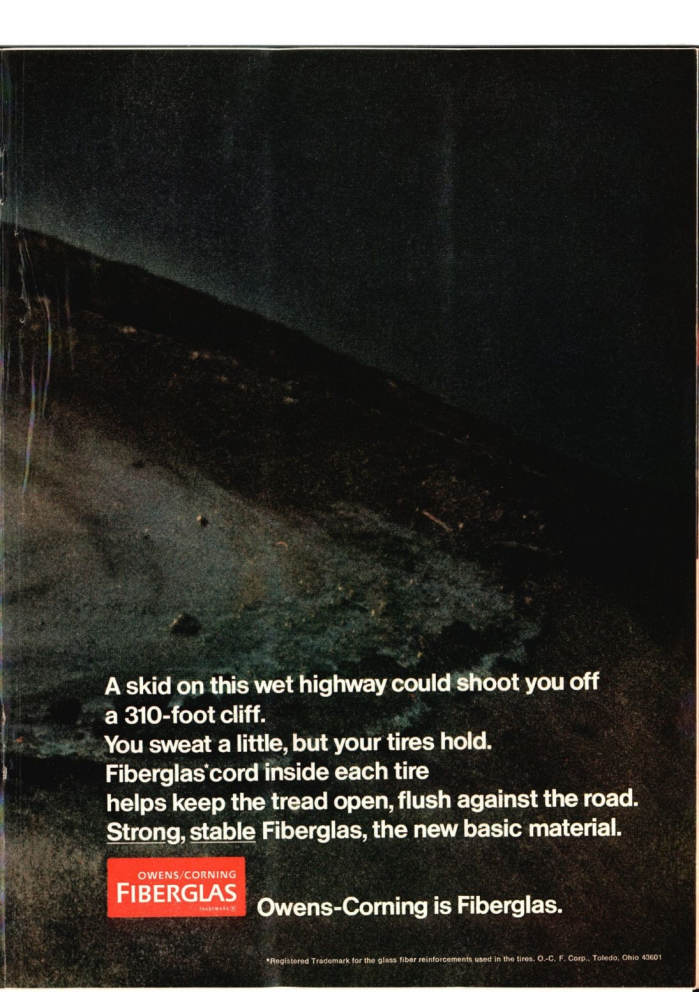
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BUICK MOTOR DIVISION



POOFF plans: "If stores will no longer stock the mini, my home economics students and I will simply make our own." Even in the gloomy shadow of Seventh Avenue, a New York chapter is just getting under way. "We will fight as hard as we can," promises Division Head Mrs. Ros Frenkel, "and as long as people like us object vigorously, we have a winning chance."

Fortunately, vigorous objectors abound in Manhattan. Last month the brand-new International Council of Legmen issued its first public manifesto. Major aim of "this dedicated group of gam aficionados: to establish a unified voice on fashion decisions relating to female leg exposure." Says Council Chairman Thomas Redington: "Designers are paying too little attention to legmen. We're going to change all that, even if it takes some high-pressure lobbying." Already, letters have gone out to all members of Congress; Legmen predict large-scale support.

No wonder. Unless the midi is stopped short, it promises to be the biggest let-down to girl watchers since the window shade.

Make Love, Not Chess

The game sits up front in the window of San Francisco's Alfred Dunhill smoke shop. It seems to be chess: the board (checkered) is unmistakable. The pieces are something else again. This is clearly no ordinary chess set; the rules are the same, but the name of the game is "Hippies v. the Establishment."

On the hippies' side, little multicolored youths (a strand of beads for each) represent pawns. The rooks are Volkswagen buses (one with a peace symbol, an American flag and "Love" painted on the side); the knights wear sunglasses, beads, flowers, and robes inscribed with the slogan "Make Love, Not War." The bishops are bearded white-and-purple-gowned gurus. The hippie queen wears a maxidress and a "spaced-out" smile. The king has a purple robe draped over a blue striped shift.

For the Establishment, the pawns (wearing helmets and carrying clubs) are members of the police tactical squad. Rooks are blue paddy wagons, knights Army and Navy officers; bishops take the form of businessmen in gray flannel suits and horn-rimmed glasses, clutching attaché cases and minicopies of the *Wall Street Journal*. The queen wears a little black evening gown, long white gloves and pearls; she has tinted blonde hair and is decidedly overweight. The king wears a black tuxedo and a jeweled ring on his finger; he comes complete with a cigar and a bald spot.

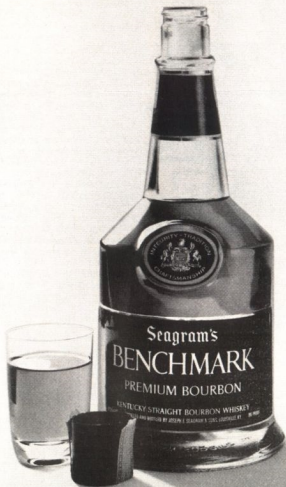
The stylized pieces bring the familiar tactics of confrontation to the chess board; as the game progresses, a paddy wagon may remove a hippie, and a guru may outmaneuver a tactical patrolman. The chess set, created by a local artist, Jackie Pearl, has one major drawback: only the Establishment can afford the check, mate. It costs \$250.

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SPORT

Slippery Days on the Slopes

Though the world Alpine ski championship is nominally an amateur affair, the spectacle staged in Val Gardena, Italy, last month looked more like the world ski-trade fair. With their equipment splashily plastered with brand names, contestants paraded before the TV cameras like walking commercials. For a \$400-a-month payoff, one entrant sported the badge of a resort he has never even seen. After winning the special slalom, France's Jean-Noel Augert shouted "Vive Le Courbier!"—a hard-sell pitch for a ski resort in which,

the archaic Olympic Committee rule, which states that an amateur athlete may not spend more than six weeks a year pursuing his sport. For skiers like Kidd—and indeed athletes in any sport—the rule is patently ridiculous. "In order to compete at the top nowadays," explains Kidd, "you have to spend at least ten months skiing." The amateur ski racer is forced to accept "certain under-the-table payments" if he wants to eat regularly.

The result, says America's Amos ("Bud") Little, a vice president of the Fédération Internationale de Ski, the governing body of amateur ski racing, is that "we're in a mess. If the Olympic rules were policed, the whole U.S. men's ski team would have to be changed." Even so, when it comes to payola, Europeans are way ahead. They regard their skiers as natural resources vital to the promotion of winter tourism. Thus European ski groups maintain cash "pools" to keep their racers in ski wax and maybe a sports car or two. France's Jean-Claude Killy was reportedly rewarded with \$30,000 in pool funds after winning three gold medals at the 1968 Olympics. And if skiers are able to pick up a little extra pocket money on the side, well, more power to them—unofficially, of course.

A topflight "amateur" like Austria's Karl Schranz, 31, for example, reportedly rakes in close to \$50,000 a year. At today's rates, each victory nets him a total bonus of \$4,000 from the grateful makers of his skis, boots, bindings, poles and gloves. In addition, he earns a salary as a "technical adviser" for an Austrian ski manufacturer.

Last Battle. The Fédération is aware of the payoffs and in fact sanctions them under certain conditions. Following the 1968 Winter Olympics, which International Olympic Committee President Avery Brundage threatened to cancel because of the brandishing of brand names, the FIS ruled that skiers could obtain payments for endorsements—so long as the money was approved by and dispensed through their national associations. Said FIS President Marc Hodler: "Our decision is evolutionary, not revolutionary. We have accepted the fact that ski racers are now full-time sportsmen who simply have no time left over for earning extra money."

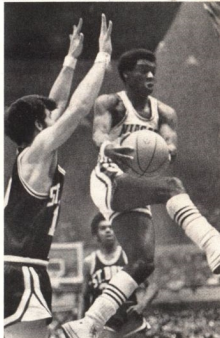
Many people, including Beattie, believe that the sport's future, as with tennis and golf, lies in "open competition" between avowed professionals and true amateurs. The difficulty is the Olympics, in which skiing is the heart of the winter games. "There is no such thing as amateur ski competitions any more," says Beattie. "It's foolish to think that the sport will be allowed to stay in the Olympics the way it is now." In May, the liberal-minded FIS will meet with conservative old Avery Brundage and his

Olympic Committee to thresh out their problems. It promises to be a fight to the finish, for according to FIS President Hodler, the 82-year-old Brundage plans to make the question of professionalism "a personal battle and his last battle."

Court Magician

As Niagara University took to the court for a game against the University of Pennsylvania in the first round of the post-season N.C.A.A. tournament, all eyes were on Niagara's Calvin Murphy. While the sellout crowd in the Princeton gym roared its approval, Murphy moved into the keyhole and fed passes to teammates moving around him in a fast, figure-eight weave. Looking one way and

RICHARD W. ROELLER—BUFFALO EVENING NEWS



MURPHY DRIVING IN
Up, up and away.



KIDD AFTER WINNING AT VAL GARDENA
Better a pro than a shamateur.

as he put it, "I am investing all my savings."

Billy Kidd, 26, the top U.S. skier, went everyone one better. After winning the gold medal for the best overall performance in the downhill, slalom and giant slalom, he announced that he was turning professional. A week later at Verbier, Switzerland, Kidd competed against 39 other pros in a series of races and schussed off with total winnings of \$6,500 in what was billed as the first World Professional Skiing Championships. This week the touring pros moved into Vail, Colo., to race for \$50,000 in prize money.

Under-the-Table Pay. The newly organized pro circuit is the creation of ABC-TV and Bob Beattie, former coach of the U.S. ski team, who sees it as one alternative to the "shamateurism" that plagues skiing. The problem stems from

passing another, he fired the ball behind his back, around his neck and through his legs. At one point, he fell down but somehow kept dribbling the ball while rolling on the floor. Then, twirling the ball on one finger, he took two steps, lifted his small 5-ft. 10-in. frame up, up and away toward the basket—and actually stuffed a shot down through the net.

Then the game began. As usual, the warmup show was just a preview of the court magic that Murphy would perform in the game. Though Penn, the eighth-ranked team in the country, had everybody but the cheerleaders guarding him, he broke loose repeatedly, sprang high above the heads of his much taller defenders, and loosed long jump shots that seemed to loop out of the locker room. Just when he seemed caught in a tangle of defenders, he

would uncork a pass to a teammate standing wide open under the basket. Late in the game, in a desperate attempt to contain Murphy, Penn switched to a zone defense (illegal in the pros), but it was too late. Underdog Niagara won 79-69, with Murphy hitting for a game-high total of 35 points. Last week Villanova went into an aggressive zone defense at the tipoff and, with four and even five players hounding Murphy at once, held him to a low 18 points to win 98-73.

In a season that saw Louisiana State's Pete Maravich break the career-scoring record of Oscar Robertson, Murphy's achievements tend to be overlooked. In three seasons, Murphy averaged 33.6 points a game, the third highest mark in major-college history—quite a feat for a fellow so comparatively small that most high school coaches would turn him down at first glance.

Had he chosen to, Murphy might have done even better in the scoring records. In his first varsity season with Niagara, he finished second to Maravich, with an average of 38.2 points a game; the following year he averaged 32.4. Unfortunately, it was strictly a one-man show as Niagara's record for the two years was 23 wins and 25 losses. This season, shooting less and passing off more, Murphy let his average drop to 30.4, but he led Niagara to a 21-5 record and its first invitation to the N.C.A.A. tournament.

Show-Biz Instincts. Though Murphy will undoubtedly be an early choice in the professional basketball draft, some scouts feel that he is not tall enough to make it in the pros. Perhaps not, when he is just standing there—5 ft. 10 in. of him relaxed and at rest. But when he uncoils into one of his fantastic jumps, he is clearly a man to look up to. Rival coaches simply shake their heads when he blocks the shots of players nearly a foot taller; Murphy's spring is so remarkable that in several games he has actually been charged with goal tending. As for his ability as a pass-intercepting ball hawk, says St. John's Coach Lou Carnesecca, "If you open your mouth, Murphy will steal your teeth." Nothing if not confident, Murphy has scrimmaged against such pro stars as Jerry Lucas, Rick Barry and John Havlicek at summer basketball camps. His conclusion about the big leaguers: "I can hold my own."

If the pros do not book his pregame show, Murphy can satisfy his show-biz instincts elsewhere. Raised in Norwalk, Conn., by a 6-ft. mother who once played on a touring basketball team called the Bomberettes, he was a high school All-America as well as the state champion baton twirler. For two seasons, he and his baton were part of the half-time show at the Buffalo Bills' home football games. If unable to continue twirling for the Bills after graduation, Murphy will spend his spare moments at what he says is his favorite sport: roller skating.

THE THEATER

Snake Oil

The U.S. may be the only country in which a would-be revolutionary carries a bomb in one pocket and a credit card in the other. This schizophrenia increasingly infests the theater. Typically, Sam Shepard's play *Operation Side-winder* deplores the mechanization and dehumanization of U.S. life, and yet the show owes the little vitality it has to mechanical props, and the electric guitars and drum-blistering fervor of a folk-rock group known as the Holy Modal Rounders.

The finest prop is a super-rattler of

MARTHA JOHNS



EDA-YOUNG & SNAKE IN "SIDEWINDER"
With a lubricious vengeance.

a snake with blinking red eyes. It is actually a super-computer fashioned by the usual mad German émigré scientist; the beast has escaped from an Air Force base in the desert country of the Hopi Indians. The unprogrammed reptile goes human with a lubricious vengeance and rapes a dumb but comely blonde tourist (Barbara eda-Young). After that, the plot metastasizes. There are Black Panthers (Warner Brothers film gangsters in blackface) driving a real Black Convertible, heroin addicts, Air Force and CIA mental retards and Broadway Indians doing a Broadway Snake Dance.

By the time the show ends in a lurid atomic holocaust, it has depicted the trite declension of American life in three tenses: Past Dream, Present Nightmare, Future Oblivion. Shepard is 26, and patently certain that he is the first man since Adam to bite into evil.

Master
Hosts
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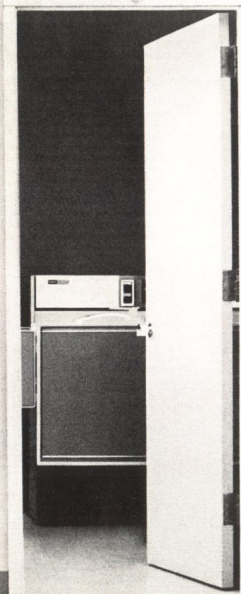
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SCIENCE

Red Snowflakes on Mars?

Whenever the stargazers of ancient Babylon focused their attention on Mars, they regarded its reddish orange glow as an omen of bloodshed and disaster. Looking more objectively at the red planet through powerful telescopes, modern astronomers have attributed its odd color to deposits of iron-rich minerals like limonite. Now two former University of Massachusetts researchers have proposed a new explanation of the puzzling Martian hue. During a recent meeting at the Goddard Institute for Space Studies in New York, Physicists William T. Plummer and Robert K. Carson reported that parts of Mars

atmosphere consists largely of carbon dioxide; it also contains a trace of carbon monoxide, which may be vented from Martian volcanoes. Under intense ultraviolet radiation from the sun, the two gases could combine into carbon-suboxide vapor. Indeed, the two scientists were able to simulate that very reaction in the laboratory. Their experiment also demonstrated that when the temperature is high enough, the vapor could solidify into a fine granular material, turn yellow and precipitate onto the Martian surface. Where would such a "snowfall" occur? Most likely at the Martian equator, where temperatures rise to 80° F. (v. —190° F. at the poles) and where odd yellowish clouds have already been observed.

For now, Plummer and Carson can only theorize about their strange Martian snow. But they hope that its presence may be confirmed in 1975 when NASA's Project Viking space probe is scheduled to make the first unmanned landing on the red planet, analyze its surroundings and radio its findings back to earth.

Spiraling Look into the Sea

Boston is no longer the home of the cod, but it now has something else piscatorial to be proud of. On an abandoned wharf once used by New England's sorely depressed fishing industry, an impressive new structure overlooks the harbor. It is the \$6,500,000 concrete-and-glass home of the New England Aquarium, which has finally opened its doors after more than a decade of planning and problems. The wait was worth it. Boston's undersea museum may be the prototype aquarium of the future. At the very least, it is a stunning symbol of man's vastly increased interest in the sea.

Jackass Penguins. Bathed in soft blue-green light, the five-story building's cavernous interior immediately evokes images of the world of water. Its 75 exhibits represent the full range of environments—fresh and salt, from arctic to tropic. Most of the ground floor is occupied by a large freshwater pool, swarming with such fish as gars, carps, catfish and sturgeons. It also contains an open enclave where several otters frolic in and out of the water. A few steps away are the first of 70 small tanks containing such varied and intriguing species as the colorful little clownfish, the horned cowfish and the ferocious piranha. Appropriately, the back panels of these tanks are curved since the fish swim in circular paths.

As the visitor ascends the rectangular ramps along the aquarium's walls, he passes the abodes of other amusing creatures: penguins. One species on display in the mock Antarctic environment is the so-called jackass penguin (named for its harsh bray). Proceeding upward, the visitor brushes past a large and

almost frightening mural covered with life-size silhouettes of sharks. He joins the youngsters at the children's tidal pool—where they are encouraged to reach in and touch starfish, tiny crabs and harmless sea urchins. Finally, as he approaches the highest level, he walks under an awesome 35-foot-long skeleton of an Atlantic right whale.*

The aquarium's most impressive feature is the giant, four-story-high cylindrical tank that sits in the center of the building. Billed as the world's largest glass-walled fish tank, it holds 200,000 gallons of sea water filled with small sharks, sea turtles, moray eels and dozens of other creatures that dodge in and out of a huge simulated reef. The visitor can peer into the tank either through a vatlike opening at the top or through the glass walls as he walks down the curving ramps that surround it. The layout is so unorthodox that it seems more like an undersea version of Frank Lloyd Wright's spiral-shaped Guggenheim Museum in New York than the traditional aquarium of low-slung rectangular tanks.

Lonely Turtles. Designed by a youthful Boston area architectural firm, Cambridge Seven Associates, the aquarium had to overcome more than its share of construction and operating problems. Indeed, for a while, Bostonians wondered whether their town had built the world's largest sieve. After the aquarium's completion last June, the huge tank leaked like a badly punctured tire. After plugging the leaks, the aquarium staff discovered that aluminum bolts holding the glass frames were slowly dissolving (reason: they touched the concrete skeleton's steel reinforcing rods, thereby producing a bad case of electrolysis). Next, the complex dual-filtration system, which provides both salt and fresh water, began backing up, allowing sand to seep into the main tank. In addition, almost every fitting along 1½ miles of tubing had to be replaced, and the intake pipes that bring in water from Boston Harbor had to be repaired. The final misfortune occurred shortly before last January's formal dedication. Malfunctioning butterfly valves in the pumps created so much turbulence that only four hardy turtles could be allowed to occupy the huge central tank.

Now the turtles are no longer alone. The concatenation of crises has apparently ended, and the aquarium's patient staff members have finally been able to stock their main attraction. They have also managed to fill other parts of the building: more than 500,000 visitors have flocked to the wharf since opening day. With continued luck—and sturdy pumps and pipes—the New England Aquarium should turn into one of the finest showplaces of its kind anywhere above sea level.

* A name given baleen or toothless whales by Yankee whalers who considered them "right" because they were easier to catch, yielded more oil and would not sink when tied alongside a ship.

MARS AS SEEN BY MARINER 6
One tint of Venus.

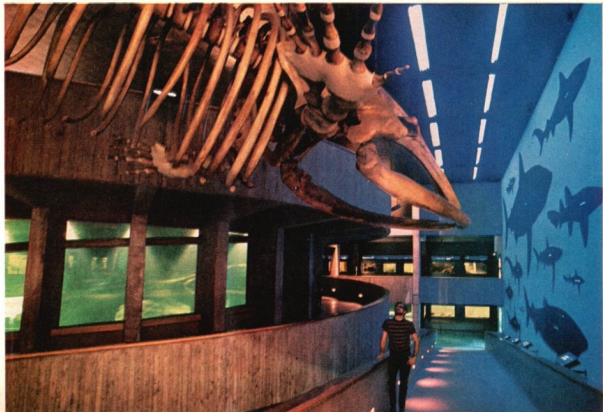
may be covered by a strange kind of tinted "snow."

Plummer and Carson came upon their theory while studying an entirely different planet—Venus. To determine the possible composition of the yellowish white atmosphere of Venus they decided to experiment with a little-known, foul-smelling liquid called carbon suboxide (C₃O₂). As the physicists increased its temperature, the compound solidified and underwent a series of color changes from pale yellow to orange, reddish brown, purple and a shade approaching black. Although the yellow vaguely resembled the tint of Venusian clouds, the range of colors was far more suggestive of the surface of Mars, which undergoes still unexplained variations in shading and color. Furthermore, spectroscopic studies of carbon suboxide produced results closely resembling those obtained from the reflected light of Mars.

Darkening Clouds. Could such a rare substance on earth be produced in quantity on Mars? Quite probably, say Plummer and Carson. The thin Martian



Boston's aquarium immerses visitors in a world of blue-green tanks and neon waves until they feel part of underwater environment.



How Dale Weller made a profit out of just sitting around.

Among many other products, the Alton Box Board Company, based in Alton, Illinois, makes paper forms used for concrete construction.

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EDUCATION

The Parkway Experiment

The most interesting high school in the U.S. today does not have a classroom it can call its own. But every week, some 30 to 40 school administrators come to Philadelphia to examine the Parkway Program high school.

The program began only a year ago as an effort on the part of Philadelphia's board of education to deal with overcrowding in the city's high schools. Someone suggested setting up a school that would use such cultural facilities as museums and libraries for classrooms. Since many of them are located on tree-shaded Benjamin Franklin Parkway,

to class by bus, subway or on foot.

More important in Bremer's eyes, he has reorganized the entire administration of a public high school. He has split the school into three self-governing units and set up a weekly "town meeting" for each unit between students and faculties. Together, they discuss the curriculum, the students proposing to teachers what they want to know, the teachers explaining to students what they need to know. Classes often mix ages, with ninth-grade students, for example, being challenged by mingling with high school seniors. No marks are given. Instead, teachers write an evaluation of each student's work. For the most part,

two-hour tutorial twice a week, where teachers and students in groups of up to 15 meet for individual consultation and general togetherness. All the courses necessary for gaining a high school diploma and college admission are offered. But even these may be given in a unique form. A social studies course, for instance, may be a seminar on the Viet Nam War, taught by staffers from the American Friends Service Committee.

Of the 10,000 applicants for Parkway, the 500 students now enrolled were selected from all over the city. Most are middle-class, about half are black, and IQs range from 74 to 140.

Marvelously Economical. It is too early to tell if Parkway students are well prepared for college, but it is already



PARKWAY'S BREMER



CLASS IN A LEATHER SHOP

To break down the dichotomy between living and learning.

the project was forthwith dubbed the Parkway Program. To run it, the board hired John Bremer, a 42-year-old British educator who had been head of a community-controlled school district in New York.

On Location. Bremer briskly set about expanding the program far beyond its original blueprint. He established an auto-mechanics class in an auto-repair shop, a leatherworking class in a leather shop, a journalism course at the offices of the *Evening Bulletin*, and dozens of others that are taught on location.

In most cases, the specialized courses are taught by the professionals themselves. A physician gives the course in health services. A printer teaches printing, a jeweler gem cutting, an art historian a course in art history. And all of the professionals volunteer their services. As a result, the school's catalogue bulges with some 250 offerings. Philadelphia's downtown area has literally become the school's campus, with students making their way from class

attendance is not compulsory. Informality and responsibility are emphasized. Students can smoke in class, call teachers by their first names, and utter four-letter words without inhibition.

The enthusiastic teachers, selected from a flock of applicants, are mostly under 30, frequently wear jeans and long hair. The experimental cast of Bremer's program has also drawn a good number of student interns from a variety of colleges. Along with the regular staff, the interns have brought the student-faculty ratio to less than 8 to 1 and the average class size to 15.

"The dignity and the importance of the learner become paramount," says Bremer proudly. Explains Robert Johnson, a chubby 14-year-old black student: "In my old school, I was often afraid to ask a question, because I thought the teacher would think it was stupid. Here I'm never afraid to speak my mind."

Parkway is not as unstructured as it may seem. Students must attend a

clear that given Parkway's style of freedom, many high school students not only mature faster but also learn more. Though many were behavioral problems in their previous schools, discipline problems have proved minimal, and the school has no hard-drag problem. There have been no racial incidents, though blacks and whites tend to keep apart.

"Up till now we've had the notion that the classroom is the only place where learning can take place," says Ford Foundation Official Mario Fantini. "The Parkway Program utterly rejects that notion; it breaks down the dichotomy between living and learning." Furthermore, he points out, Parkway is marvelously economical. A school for 500 pupils costs some \$1,000,000 to build. Parkway's capital costs were practically nil. The most impressive praise of all is that Parkway already has at least one imitator. Chicago last month began its own peripatetic school, Kansas City, San Francisco, Hartford and Washington may follow suit.

RELIGION

The New English Bible: Back to Beginnings

In the beginning, God created the heaven and the earth." What could be simpler, or more moving? For 360 years, the opening lines of *Genesis* in the Authorized King James Version of the Bible have seemed to many Christians to be as immutable as the Creator himself. Yet this week, with the long-heralded publication of the complete New English Bible (Oxford and Cambridge University Presses; \$9.95), comes a change: "In the beginning of creation, when God made heaven and earth, the earth was without form and void. . ."

Why the change? For one thing, says Oxford's Sir Godfrey Driver, head of a team of scholars who have been working on the N.E.B.'s Old Testament translation for the past 21 years, it was not simply, "In the beginning." The second verse of *Genesis*, Driver points out, clearly indicates that the water was already there when the creation of heaven and earth began. For another, he explains, "we wanted to make it clear from the start that we were giving the reader a fresh translation."

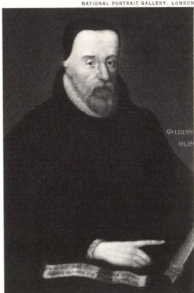
Completely new translations of the Bible are relatively rare. Contrary to popular belief, the King James Bible itself was a revision of the Bishops' Bible and the Great Bible of the 16th century, and those in turn had cribbed liberally from the pioneer English translation of William Tyndale and from the Latin Vulgate of St. Jerome. In modern times, the scholarly and widely used Revised Standard Version of 1952 was consciously intended to hew close to the Tyndale-King James tradition. Both the excellent 1966 Jerusalem Bible and the ambitious but as yet uncompleted Anchor Bible (13 volumes published of the 50 projected) have gone back to original Greek and Hebrew sources. But as a popular work now intended both for broad public consumption and church use, the New English Bible may well be the most notable effort in centuries.

Laborious Stages. First conceived in Great Britain in the 1930s, the project was interrupted by World War II, then revived in 1946, when the Church of Scotland passed a formal resolution calling for a new translation in "the language of the present day." By January 1948, Great Britain's other principal Protestant churches and Bible societies had joined with the Scots and the Oxford and Cambridge presses to form a joint committee to undertake the translation. The work was entrusted to three panels of biblical scholars—one for the Old Testament, one for the New, one for the Apocrypha—and an eleven-member literary panel.

Like the N.E.B. New Testament, which was first published in 1961 and has since sold 7,000,000 copies (2,750,000 in the U.S.), the books of

the Old Testament and Apocrypha went through laborious stages of development. First, a single translator produced each book; then he submitted it to his panel for line-by-line, verse-by-verse scrutiny. Next came the literary panel, whose task was to approve or improve the wording. Then the draft went back to the translating panel to ensure that correct meanings had not been obscured in the process. "Passages of particular difficulty," says Anglican Driver, "passed many times between panels. The most difficult book of all was *Job*" (see box).

One of the panelists' intentions was to fashion a text that would read well



WILLIAM TYNDALE
No cribbing from the pioneer.

aloud; as a result, many passages now resound with a fresh, rolling cadence even more understandable than the R.S.V. or Jerusalem Bible. In the King James Version of *Daniel*, for instance, the fate of the wicked was almost lost in Elizabethan prose: when King Darius pulls the unharmed Daniel from the lions' pit and throws in Daniel's accusers instead, the King James Version reports dryly: "The lions had the mastery of them, and brake all their bones in pieces or ever they came at the bottom of the den." The N.E.B. version: "Before they reached the floor of the pit the lions were upon them and crunched them up, bones and all."

There is more clarity, too, in the N.E.B.'s description of sexual acts and bodily functions. Saul no longer enters a cave "to cover his feet," but "to relieve himself." To ensure that their camps would be fit for God's presence, Israelites are instructed to carry a trow-

el with them; "When you squat outside" the camp, orders *Deuteronomy* 23: 13, "you shall scrape a hole . . . and cover your excrement." Husbands and wives no longer "know" each other, but "have intercourse." The man struck down by untimely death in *Job* no longer has "breasts full of milk," but "loins full of vigor." ("What he was full of was clearly semen," says Sir Godfrey, "but we put it more delicately.")

Ambiguous Isaiah. Some clarifications are bound to be controversial. "Thou shalt not kill" has become "you shall not commit murder"—thus depriving some pacifists of their principal Old Testament support. But the translators maintain that their reading is closer to the original Hebrew. There may be less quarrel with the N.E.B. rendering of *Isaiah* 7: 14, which in the King James Version ("a virgin shall conceive") had clearly prefigured the Virgin birth of Christ. Now, the meaning is more ambiguous: "A young woman is with child, and she will bear a son, and will call him Immanuel." But the R.S.V. helped pave the way for such a change two decades ago by translating the Hebrew *almah* as "young woman" (elsewhere in the Bible it is used to describe young women who are clearly not virgins). Even the Jerusalem Bible, a Roman Catholic project, uses "maiden" in the *Isaiah* verse, a compromise which allows, but does not demand, the reading of "virgin."

Many readers may be disappointed by other textual changes. The beloved 121st Psalm ("I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills, from whence cometh my help"), now takes on a distinctly new meaning: "If I lift up my eyes to the hills, where shall I find help?" The "valley of the shadow of death," in the 23rd Psalm, becomes "a valley dark as death." Those who look for "vanity of vanities" in *Ecclesiastes* will find now only a vacuum: "Emptiness, emptiness, says the Speaker, emptiness, all is empty."

Because the translators chose to retain "thee" and "thou" forms in addressing God, many of the Psalms are studded with "thees," "thous," "hasts," and "distds." Still, if the translators have lost some poetry, they have gained some as well. Where traditional prose passages in such books as *Genesis* were found to have a certain rhythm, they are now set as verse.

One thing the N.E.B. could still use is an edition with more complete explanatory notes of the kind that distinguish the Jerusalem Bible. Even so, Jesuit Biblical Scholar John L. McKenzie of the University of Notre Dame, who predicts that the New English Bible will be quickly accepted for Catholic church use, praises it as "the most successful modern-language version I have seen." Other eminent biblical scholars, who have read advance copies of the complete N.E.B., agree. With such endorsements, the initial Oxford-Cambridge press run of 1,000,000 copies should be scarcely the beginning.

A Masterly Job on Job

ONE of the most eloquent passages in the Old Testament relates God's thunderous answer to the complaints of Job, who felt that as a morally upright man he had been unjustly afflicted with suffering and humiliation. Today, except for a few near-perfect lines, the King James Version of this passage (*Job*, 38-41) seems ponderous, and much of it obscure as well. Not only does the New English Bible give both an awesome grandeur and a biting sarcasm to God's words, but it also corrects for the first time several phrases long misrendered from the original Hebrew. An excerpt:

KING JAMES

Then the Lord answered Job out of the whirlwind, and said,
Who is this that darkeneth counsel
By words without knowledge?
Gird up now thy loins like a man;

For I will demand of thee, and answer
thou me.
Where wast thou when I laid the foundations of the earth?
Declare, if thou hast understanding.
Who hath laid the measures thereof,
if thou knowest?
Or who hath stretched the line upon
it?
Whereupon are the foundations thereof
of fastened?
Or who laid the cornerstone thereof?
When the morning stars sang together,
And all the sons of God shouted for
joy?
Or who shut up the sea with doors,
When it brake forth, as if it had issued
out of the womb?
When I made the cloud the garment
thereof,
And thick darkness a swaddling band
for it,
And brake up for it my decreed place,
And set bars and doors,
And said, Hitherto shalt thou come,
but no further:
And here shall thy proud waves be
stayed?
Hast thou commanded the morning
since thy days;
And caused the dayspring to know his
place;
That it might take hold of the ends of
the earth,
That the wicked might be shaken out
of it?
It is turned as clay to the seal;

And they stand as a garment.

And from the wicked their light is
withholden,
And the high arm shall be broken.

Hast thou entered into the springs of
the sea?
Or hast thou walked in the search of
the depth?
Have the gates of death been opened
unto thee
Or hast thou seen the doors of the
shadow of death?
Hast thou perceived the breadth of
the earth?
Declare if thou knowest it all.

NEW ENGLISH BIBLE

Then the Lord answered Job out of the tempest:
Who is this whose ignorant words
cloud my design in darkness?
Brace yourself and stand up like a
man;
I will ask questions, and you shall
answer.
Where were you when I laid the earth's
foundations?
Tell me, if you know and understand.
Who settled its dimensions? Surely you
should know.
Who stretched his measuring-line over
it?
On what do its supporting pillars rest?

Who set its cornerstone in place,
when the morning stars sang together
and all the sons of God shouted aloud?

Who watched over the birth of the sea,
when it burst in flood from the womb?—

when I wrapped it in a blanket of
cloud,
and cradled it in fog.

when I established its bounds,
fixing its doors and bars in place,
and said 'Thus far you shall come and
no farther,
and here you: surging waves shall halt.'

In all your life have you ever called
up the dawn
or shown the morning its place?

Have you taught it to grasp the fringes
of the earth
and shake the Dog-star from its place;

to bring up the horizon in relief as clay
under a seal,
until all things stand out like the folds
of a cloak,
when the light of the Dog-star is
dimmed,
and the stars of the Navigator's Line
go out one by one?
Have you descended to the springs
of the sea
or walked in the unfathomable deep?

Have the gates of death been revealed
to you?
Have you ever seen the door-keepers
of the place of darkness?
Have you comprehended the vast ex-
panse of the world?
Come, tell me all this, if you know.

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BEHAVIOR

The Compassionate Cop

Patrolman John Bodkin, 34, and his partner, Charles Anderson, 43, are called to investigate a domestic spat on Manhattan's Upper West Side. Inside the apartment they find a young Negro couple. One look convinces Bodkin that the husband is coiled like a spring, ready for battle. Pointedly, Bodkin, who is white, detaches his nightstick and hangs it on a chair out of reach. He takes off his hat. "Do you mind if I smoke?" he asks. "I'm a cigar smoker, and some people don't like the smell of cigar smoke in the house." Stunned by this unexpected show of courtesy, the man nods assent. The fight drains out of him. "Eventually," said Bodkin, reporting on the outcome, "they shake our hands. We never had another call from them."

This case history—and hundreds more like it—comes from Manhattan's 30th Police Precinct, which must keep order in an unruly and explosively overcrowded ghetto neighborhood on the Upper West Side. About 85,000 residents, mostly blacks and Puerto Ricans, are jammed within its boundaries, a population density of more than 110,000 per square mile. What police, with typical understatement, call "family disturbances" are as much a part of life there as rats, drug addiction and uncollected garbage.

Domestic squabbles are handled by members of the precinct's so-called Family Crisis Intervention Unit. The officers have been specially trained to subdue arguments with stratagems not always employed by men in blue: consideration, understanding, compassion and gentleness. "I pick up things much quicker now than before," says F.C.I.U. Patrolman John Timony, "because I'm looking for them. You're actually trying to help people now, whereas before you were simply trying to calm the situation."

Police Mystique. The F.C.I.U. was founded on the urging of Morton Bard, 46, a psychologist at City College of New York who believes that policemen constitute an unexploited and unparalleled human resource in the fields of social welfare and mental health. Police departments are one of the few human rescue services available 24 hours a day every day. As Bard says, "Most doctors won't make house calls, but all cops will."

Bard got a \$95,000 grant from the Justice Department to finance his program. Enlisting police cooperation was no problem, but maintaining it proved more difficult. Police duty is traditionally defined as crime prevention and law enforcement—functions that take only 10% to 20% of a policeman's time. Among his many other duties—directing traffic, recovering stray pets and children, maintaining order—none is more

thoroughly unpopular than intervening in personal quarrels.

"The police mystique," Bard has written, "places its highest value on a masculinity usually defined by toughness, imperviousness to feelings, and a tight-lipped readiness to neutralize conflict by a quick draw in the middle of Main Street." Until very recently, getting into a gun fight was the fastest way for a New York patrolman to win promotion. Family crisis intervention, in contrast, has been largely unrewarded.

Against the stubbornness of traditional police attitudes, Bard arrayed some telling arguments. If settling family brouhahas ranks low in police es-



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teem, it ranks high in hazard. According to the FBI, intervention in domestic and neighborhood arguments account for 22% of police fatalities incurred on duty. Could it be, suggested Bard, that simple ignorance of psychology contributes to those distressingly high statistics? While the average recruit gets about 200 hours of training, it is almost entirely concentrated on conventional law enforcement; virtually none of it is devoted to resolving conflicts.

Non-Prejudging. These and other arguments convinced New York Police Commissioner Howard R. Leary. In July 1967, the two-year experiment got under way. From 42 volunteers, 18 patrolmen—nine black and nine white—were selected to take a cram course in appropriate behavioral sciences at City College's Psychological Center, which is directed by Bard. Part of the curriculum included the staging of mock family disputes, using professional actors. The student policemen, by their unrehearsed intervention in the quarrels,

wrote the last act. They were judged on their performances.

Along the way, the officers learned a lot about themselves. "Officer G, at the beginning of the project," went one center report, "felt strong urges to retaliate when cursed. Near the end of the project, he saw that when a father called him a m----- f-----, that was a sign of the man's frustration and feeling of impotence." Says Patrolman Joseph D. Mahoney, summing up some of the new insights he himself gained: "You don't prejudice anybody. You never take sides. And you remember that you're in somebody's home, no matter what's going on."

By any measure, the experiment was a remarkable success. While the precinct's homicide rate jumped 350% during the two years, not a single violent death occurred among the 962 families visited by the F.C.I.U. In conventional handling of domestic disputes, police are deluged with complaints of brutality. In the course of answering some 1,800 calls, Manhattan's new unit had only one trivial complaint. None of its patrolmen have been injured on duty. Moreover, the walls of hostility that separate the cop from the community are showing unmistakable cracks in the 30th Precinct. Indistinguishable except for its identifying number (1706) from the twelve other police cars patrolling the area, the F.C.I.U. vehicle is now recognized by nearly everyone in the district. The stony glances that generally follow a squad car down the block are sprinkled with friendly smiles.

National Impact. As a result of Bard's experiment, the New York police recruit now gets ten hours of instruction in crisis intervention, where before he got none. And Commissioner Leary last month announced an expansion of the recruit training course from 18 weeks to six months. "Being a policeman is a much more difficult and complicated job than it used to be," he said. Much of the new curriculum will include "training in the sensitivity that policemen need in dealing with people."

Bard's report on the F.C.I.U., written for the Justice Department, will be distributed this month to law-enforcement and community health agencies all over the country. The effect may be far-reaching, since Bard has done nothing less than revise the role of the cop. He is challenging society's definition of the policeman as an intractable enemy, concerned mainly with making arrests when ordinary sinners overstep the stern line drawn by the law. The 30th Precinct's F.C.I.U. has been recommended by the National Advisory Commission on Civil Disorders as an effective and exemplary instrument for all police departments.

For all his success, Morton Bard remains an activist busy spreading the gospel. On another grant, he is repeating his program in the New York Housing Authority Police Department, an independent force of 1,400, with responsibility for the 600,000 residents of Manhattan's 150 public-housing developments.



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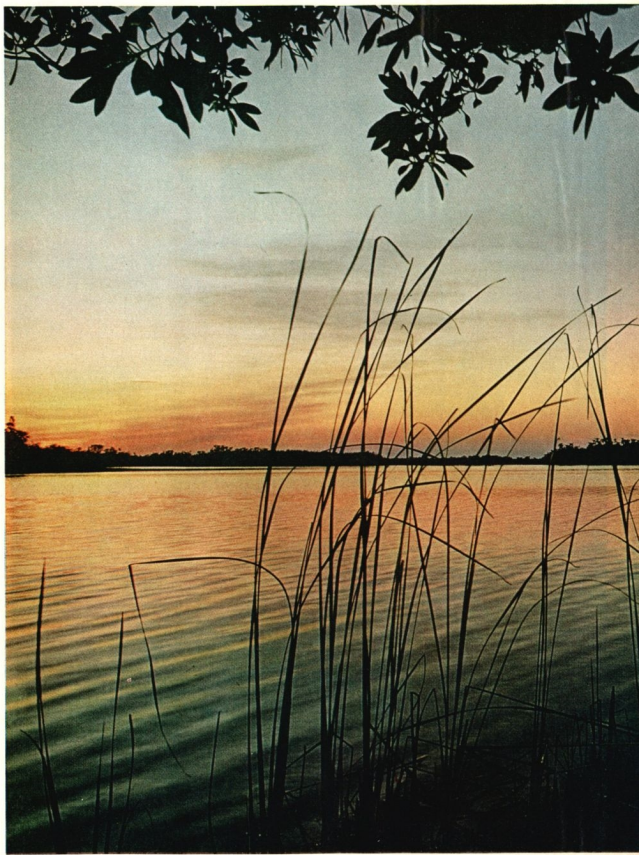
In fact, the Irving can give you an objective,
expert opinion on any aspect of corporate
financial management. At Irving Trust Company,
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One Wall Street, N.Y.

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Dan R. Ruppel





Bugs ate this lake clean.

In every lake or river or stream are tiny little microorganisms that eat pollution.

That's all they do. Eat and get fat and sink to the bottom. Where they won't bug you.

But sometimes the water gets too polluted. And the little bugs start starving for air. And stop reproducing and eating.

That's the problem Union Carbide's Linde Division took on.

We've just come up with a system that gives these little bugs a straight shot of pure oxygen. It makes them eat and eat and eat. And reproduce more rapidly. So even more little bugs start eating.

Already we've used this oxygen aeration idea to save a sick river in Louisiana. And we think it can revolutionize waste water treatment.

Hungry bugs isn't the only idea we've had to clean up water pollution. We've had a lot of good people working on detergents that chemically break down and don't spoil the water. And new instruments to constantly watch the water that goes into rivers and the like.

Back to bugs...

You should see the way they stuff themselves once you whet their appetites.

**UNION
CARBIDE**

THE DISCOVERY COMPANY

A large Boeing 747 Superjet is shown in a factory setting, with workers and an Apeco copier in the foreground. The copier is a large, red, floor-standing machine with a control panel and a paper output tray. A worker in a white uniform is standing next to it, looking at a document. The background shows the large, industrial structure of the Boeing factory, with the 747 Superjet being assembled.

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MILESTONES

Married. Rebecca Welles, 25, daughter of Orson Welles and Rita Hayworth, a recent drama graduate of the University of Puget Sound in Washington; and Perry Moede, 22, a sculptor; both for the first time; in a private ceremony in Tacoma, Wash.

Died. Rick Besoyan, 45, former actor and singer who in 1959 wrote the book, music and lyrics and directed *Little Mary Sunshine*, one of Off-Broadway's alltime hits, which ran for 1,143 performances, and was produced in all 50 states and 24 foreign countries; of gastrointestinal bleeding; in Bay Shore, N.Y.

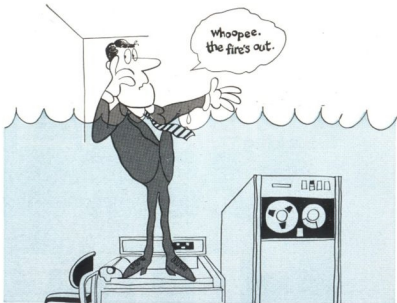
Died. Princess Irina Youssouppoff, 74, widow of Prince Felix Youssouppoff, the assassin of Rasputin, and niece of Czar Nicholas II; of a heart attack; in Paris. A fragile beauty whose wedding to Youssouppoff in 1914 mirrored all the pomp and splendor of the Romanoff empire, Princess Irina was hundreds of miles away on the evening, two years later, when her husband poisoned, shot and bludgeoned to death the Mad Monk. Soon afterward the couple fled to England, where in 1934 Irina made world headlines by winning a \$125,000 libel suit against Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer for the film *Rasputin and the Empress*, which depicted her as having been raped by Rasputin.

Died. Alfred V. Verville, 79, pioneer aircraft designer who in 1914 with Glenn Curtiss designed the famed Curtiss Jenny, and later as a U.S. Army Air Service engineer developed the nation's first welded-fuselage fighter plane with dropable fuel tanks, the PW-1 Pursuit; of a heart attack; in La Jolla, Calif.

Died, Erle Stanley Gardner, 80, creator of Perry Mason and this century's bestselling American author (see **BOOKS**).

Died. Waldo Peirce, 85, American impressionist painter, a bewhiskered giant of a man noted as much for his exuberant life-style as for his bold, spontaneous art; of pneumonia; in Newburyport, Mass. Peirce lived with all the verve and gusto of his lifelong friend and traveling companion Ernest Hemingway, even to the point of taking four wives and running with the bulls at Pamplona. His splashy, sensuously colored paintings, said one critic, "smell of sweat and sound like laughter."

Died. Doris Doscher Baum, 88, former actress who in 1916 posed for Hermon Atkins MacNeil's Miss Liberty 25-cent piece; in Farmingdale, N.Y. A sparkling, blonde beauty who also posed for Karl Bitter's sculpture *Diana*. Mrs. Baum was chosen to model for the quarter because, as MacNeil put it, she exemplified "the highest type of American womanhood."



In many environments (computer rooms are just one example), water damage from fighting fire can be as costly as fire itself. That's why we developed FIRECYCLE—the world's only sprinkler system that turns itself off when the fire is out. If water-sensitive environments are a problem for you, send today for details.

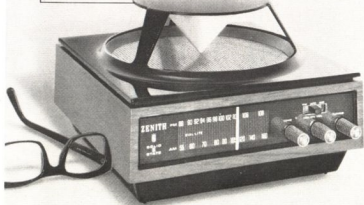


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The little radio that fills the room.

With sound. 360° FM/AM sound, from Zenith's unique Circle of Sound® speaker system that drives the sound outward in every direction, for great listening no matter where you sit in the room. All-solid-state chassis, with illuminated dial, built-in FM/AM antennas, and AFC in one compact table model.



At Zenith, the quality goes in before the name goes on.

**A whole carton
of Carlton
has less "tar"
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of the largest
selling
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*4.5 MG vs 20.9 MG PER CIGARETTE
Source latest U.S. Government figures.

THE LAW

The Constitution on Campus

At a time when the emotional politics of confrontation has moved from the streets to the courtroom, it is the exceptional judge who can remain dispassionate. Federal Judge James E. Doyle, of Wisconsin's western district, has done just that—under most difficult circumstances: cases involving student dissent and campus unrest. His decisions have protected the individual rights of students, even while underscoring their obligation to respect the law.

In case after case, Judge Doyle has held that many regulations—for example, disciplinary procedures and dress codes in public schools and universities—are unconstitutional. Relying primarily on the 14th Amendment due process guarantee, he has insisted that students facing disciplinary action by state schools have many of the procedural rights of defendants in criminal cases. Doyle's opinions have so impressed educators that he often receives letters from reform-minded administrators asking advice on new school regulations.

Among Doyle's rulings:

- When the presence of Dow Chemical interviewers on the University of Wisconsin's Madison campus led to raucous protests, the school suspended ten students under a regulation that prohibited misconduct. Judge Doyle struck down the rule, holding that the standard of "misconduct" alone was unconstitutionally vague. "The facts of life," he said, "have long undermined the concepts, such as *in loco parentis*, that have been invoked historically for conferring upon university authorities virtually limitless disciplinary discretion." His decision was upheld on appeal.
- At the Oshkosh campus of Wisconsin

State University, militant black students burst into the president's office, threw official papers on the floor, insulted the president, and tried to force him to sign a list of demands. Next day the president suspended 90 students for their part in the action. Doyle ordered that the students either be given prompt hearings or be reinstated pending final disposition of their cases. On the other hand, Doyle upheld the suspension of riotous students at the state university's Whitewater branch. The difference was that at Whitewater the militants had received an adequate preliminary hearing.

► When a high school junior with long hair was sent home for violating a school-board dress code in Williams Bay, Wis., Doyle ordered him back to class without benefit of scissors. On the assumption that a school board would not make the same demands of an adult night student with long hair, Doyle suggested that "it is time to broaden the constitutional community by including within its protections younger people whose claim to dignity matches that of their elders."

Straight Questions. Incensed by Doyle's rulings, the lower house of the Wisconsin legislature passed a resolution calling for a constitutional convention to make federal judgeships elective rather than appointive. Said Assembly Speaker Harold Froehlich in arguing for the measure: "Judge Doyle is using the U.S.

* Last week Doyle expanded the constitutional protections to teachers. He ordered the reinstatement of four professors suspended from the state university at Whitewater for their alleged roles in a recent campus disturbance. In not providing the educators with a hearing before suspension, Doyle said, the school had acted with "complete failure to accord the rudiments of due process of law."



DEMONSTRATORS AT WISCONSIN STATE UNIVERSITY

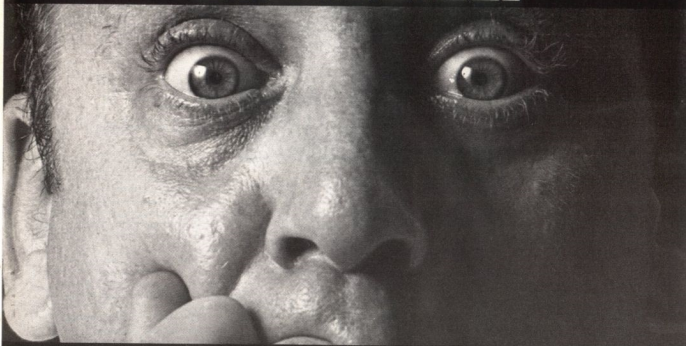
Protecting the rights, while underscoring the obligations.



JUDGE DOYLE

**Bekins introduces
a new incentive plan
for moving men:**

F.E.A.R.



F.E.A.R. (Free Expression of Appreciation or Revenge) is an extension of the golden rule—you do unto him like he did unto you.

After we've moved you, we send you a F.E.A.R. card. On which you can express yourself freely about your move.

If a Bekins man barks at your dog, complain. If the eggs you left in the refrigerator arrive intact, congratulate us.

The F.E.A.R. card returns straight to our management. We keep a highly active file on every

Bekins man.

If he's good, we let him know. If he's not, we tell him to get better. Fast.

In case you think we're a rotten bunch to work for, we should tell you that our men don't agree.

After all, they're professionals. We give them the toughest training in the business.

But if, in spite of this, one of us fails you, you can now get swift and personal revenge.

A Bekins man has nothing to fear but F.E.A.R. itself.

WE'RE IN THE YELLOW PAGES.

Constitution to protect people who are trying to tear down society." The resolution was defeated in the state senate.

At 54, Doyle is the product of a generation whose campus gripes rarely reached beyond fraternity disputes. Today, by contrast, he says: "Students are asking straight questions and demanding straight answers. And too often it turns out that the 'conventional wisdom' from people my age is full of holes."

Modest in both dress and conversation, Doyle has been a low-key voice of progressive thought in Wisconsin for more than 20 years. The son of an Oshkosh paint merchant, he sold copies of the *Saturday Evening Post* to help make his way through the University of Wisconsin and Columbia Law School, where he was on the *Law Review*. After graduation in 1940, he clerked for Supreme Court Justice James Byrnes, then became his aide when Byrnes was appointed Secretary of State. After going into private law practice in Madison in 1948, Doyle devoted his spare time to rebuilding a moribund state Democratic Party.

War Unto Death. Doyle was an early foe of Senator Joseph McCarthy. "Even before McCarthy's phony Communists-in-Government crusade," Doyle said in 1952, "we in Wisconsin had come to despise him for his utter lack of honesty and conviction." As state Democratic Party chairman that year, Doyle wired his congratulations to President-elect Dwight Eisenhower. When reporters asked if he had any kind words for McCarthy, Doyle replied: "And to Senator McCarthy, war unto death."

In 1960 Doyle earned the enmity of the Kennedys by heading the national draft-Stevenson movement. When the federal judgeship for Wisconsin's western district became vacant in 1963, Doyle was among those recommended by the Wisconsin Bar. But President Kennedy ignored the endorsements and appointed a J.F.K. loyalist. The nomination was so blatantly political that the Senate held up confirmation for two years. Ironically, Doyle was named to the bench in 1965 by a President students still vilify: Lyndon B. Johnson.

Yale's New Dean

When Dean Louis Pollak of the Yale Law School announced last fall that he would resign to devote more time to teaching and family, possible successors eyed the job warily. At Yale, as at nearly every other top U.S. law school, black students and militant whites have beset the faculty with demands for liberalized admission standards, more student power and more "relevant" courses. The pressures for change at Yale, as elsewhere, weigh most heavily on the dean, a man traditionally selected more for his skills as a scholar and fundraiser than as a conciliator.

Last week, after a five-month search, Yale named Pollak's successor. He is Professor Abraham S. Goldstein, a 44-year-old former trial lawyer who has taught criminal law at Yale since

1956. Both as teacher and author, Goldstein ranks as one of the country's foremost authorities on criminal law and procedure. But Goldstein realizes that his task now reaches far beyond the perimeters of legal scholarship. He wants to reunite teachers and students into the kind of cohesive academic community that once helped make Yale the nation's most creative law school. At the same time, he has promised to probe for innovative answers to the mounting problems of legal education.

Tough Fellow. Challenges have never been unwelcome or unfamiliar to Goldstein. The son of a Ukrainian immigrant who sold fruits and vegetables from a pushcart on New York's Lower East Side, Goldstein spoke only Yiddish at home since his parents could



GOLDSTEIN

Beyond the perimeters of scholarship.

not speak English. He mastered English so well, however, that he earned high marks at C.C.N.Y. and later at Yale Law School, where he was an editor of the law journal. After graduation, he served in the Army as a demolitions specialist and counterintelligence agent in Europe. Goldstein later clerked for U.S. Circuit Judge David Bazelon, then became a partner in the Washington firm of Donohue & Kaufmann before accepting the appointment at Yale.

Goldstein's bearish presence (6 ft., 210 lbs.) and avuncular manner shield a sternness that repels some students. He admits that he is not one "who wants to give everything the students ask for whenever they ask for it." Still, he has the overwhelming support of the faculty, including Pollak, who says that Goldstein is "one of the great men of American law." Another faculty member views him as "a big, strong, tough fellow who wants to do things, wants to move things." As dean, Goldstein will have ample opportunity to do just that.

The secret of advertising

We have often been reminded, not only by businessmen but even by a doctor and a minister, that our Campbell-Ewald philosophy is pertinent wherever people really want to communicate with people, in every business and profession.

And so it is. And so it may be that you'd like to tear out the page and put it on your mirror, or send it to a friend, or even an enemy.

One beauty of the printed page is that you can save it, or show it, or send it, or paste it on a mirror.

We'd like to thank TIME for the gift of a very valuable page. And writer Harvey Bailey and art director Paul Grissom for expressing our philosophy as they have here.

Detroit, New York, Chicago, Los Angeles, Dallas, Washington, Cincinnati, San Francisco, Atlanta, Pittsburgh, Kansas City

The secret of advertising

Each of us wears a
Halloween mask all year long.

We have to, to keep
our nerve endings hidden. To
keep our hopes, and needs, and
hangups, our fears and prides and
prejudices, our irrationalities
and our cry-buttons from hanging
out for everyone to stare at.

Or step on.

We wear these shells to work,
to lunch, to meetings, and to church.
We always keep them handy for
when friends drop in. And adjust
them for which friends drop in.

It's this shell, whether it
be button-down, Edwardian, or denim,
that confuses a lot of us in advertising.
If we're not careful, we find ourselves
writing to the mannequin, instead of
to the man inside, which often makes our
ad cute but not convincing, beautiful
but not believable, "swinging"
but without substance.

Shell-talk forgets that inside each
of us, no matter how old or young we are, is
a person who is worried about his money,
his age, his looks, his health, his happiness,
his family, and whether people like him.
Or hate him. Or worse, simply ignore him.

The secret of advertising, then, is to crack
the shell, to talk to the man inside the man.

Simple it is, but easy it isn't.

It takes an uncommon understanding of
people, great sensitivity and skill, and the
discipline to use them every single time.

But it means the difference between an ad
someone skips over and an ad someone reads
all the way to the end.



Campbell-Ewald Company
Advertising



What we learned about breathing in space could save your life on earth.

The air supply system we developed to give moon-walking men a controlled atmosphere has some beneficial down-to-earth uses.

At United Aircraft, we've put the same principles to work in respirators we're making for hospitals—using aerospace skills to control the flow, mix, and temperature of gases more precisely than ever before.

With a name like United Aircraft you'd expect us to be involved in aerospace. But perhaps you didn't know we're also concerned with your breathing here on earth.

**United
Aircraft**

BRATT & WHITNEY AIRCRAFT •
HAMILTON STANDARD •
SIKORSKY AIRCRAFT • NORDEN •
UNITED TECHNOLOGY CENTER •
ELECTRONIC COMPONENTS •
UNITED AIRCRAFT RESEARCH
LABORATORIES • UNITED AIRCRAFT
OF CANADA LIMITED •

Meet the man who makes an honest bourbon— but with manners.

Bourbon came out of the hill country.
Honest but unmannered.
How to make an aristocrat
out of his first bourbon was a
challenge to I. W. Harper.
He started by keeping
the true honest taste
of bourbon but polish-
ing off the rough
edges. Which explains
why Mr. Harper's
whiskey is known
as honest
bourbon — but
with manners.



And which explains,
too, why winning medals all
over the world got to be a
habit with I. W. Harper.



One of the medals won since
1872 for being honest bourbon—
but with manners.



MEDICINE

Return of Measles

Regular measles is back . . . This could happen to your child: death . . . brain damage . . . blindness . . . deafness . . .

That ominous, red-lettered legend is emblazoned on flyers circulated in Washington, D.C., where public health officials mounted a massive emergency vaccination campaign to curb an outbreak of common measles. Nor is Washington the only city in the U.S. fighting a childhood disease that was generally believed to have been almost stamped out by the effective vaccines available since 1963. Cleveland, Chicago, Corpus Christi and Los Angeles, among others, have reported sharp increases in the number of measles cases. For the entire U.S., the rate of reported cases has soared 50% in one year.

Communication Gap. Too many mothers still believe that measles is one of those unavoidable childhood diseases that disappear after seven days of spots and fever. The facts are grimmer. Before the development of the vaccine, almost 4,000,000 children caught measles every year. Thousands of them came down with encephalitis and other serious complications. Some were severely retarded as a result of brain damage, and one out of every 1,000 died.

The problem, like many others, is most severe in ghetto areas of central cities. There, because of indifference or ignorance, only 46% of the preschool children have been vaccinated. As Dr. James O. Mason, deputy director of Atlanta's National Communicable Disease Center, explained: "We just have not learned how to communicate with parents in the ghetto."

Distant Goal. The message has not been heard in many rural areas either. On the Hawaiian island of Kauai, more than 50 children, many from pineapple workers' families, came down with measles despite a state law making vaccination mandatory before entering school. The reason: no one enforced the health regulations. In eastern Nebraska, local doctors opposed the vaccination program. The reported cases of measles in that state have jumped from 47 last year to almost 1,000 so far in 1970.

As a result of a federally supported drive on measles that began in 1964, the number of reported cases in the U.S. fell dramatically from 450,000 that year to 22,000 in 1968. Last year, the Vaccination Assistance Act expired. Many states have fallen behind in immunization although other federal money is available. Almost 8,000,000 children between the ages of one and twelve still have not been vaccinated, and only 19 states require vaccination by law. Without further prodding from the Federal Government, the eradication of common measles remains a distant goal.



SURGEON PITANGUY
King of the cutaneous cutters.

Retreads in Rio

Security and peace of mind, according to an old Brazilian adage, is a strong house, a tame horse and an ugly wife. If the maxim still applies, Rio de Janeiro is a less secure place today. For the former capital of Brazil has become a world capital of the plastic-surgery industry, and ugly wives by the hundreds are being remolded into well-proportioned visions of beauty. The deft use of vanity surgery, as the Brazilians call it, has provided women who flock in from all over the world with new faces, larger (or smaller) bosoms, slimmer hips and even bottoms sculpted into svelte contours more suitable for slacks.

Vanity surgery is now as acceptable in Rio as bleach-blond hair. One local television personality, Dercy Gonçalves, who has been thoroughly reshaped, is not in the least reluctant to discuss it. She has been known to close her TV program by cheerfully confiding, "Well, next week I'm going to have a complete retread." Once, when she appeared on camera looking younger and trimmer than usual, she announced that casual sit-down chats with guest stars would be out of the question for the next few days. "I've had three operations on my face and one on my stomach," Dercy says, "and I'll have 20 if necessary. Wherever I droop, I want it taken off. I wasn't born with anything sagging." Most of the American and European women who make vanity trips to Rio lack Senhora Gonçalves' sang-froid; they prefer to sneak away "for the carnival," returning miraculously refurbished to the

astounded delight of their husbands and friends.

The undisputed king of Rio's colony of cutaneous cutters is Ivo Pitanguy (pronounced pee-tahn-ghee), a theatrically handsome 44-year-old doctor who jets from his clinic in Rio to ski slopes in Europe, hotly pursued by glamorous, albeit sagging socialites. Admitting to "the largest experience in breasts in the world," Pitanguy has a small clientele on the Continent but does his major overhauls in Rio.

Replaced Navels. Very popular in Rio is the Pitanguy nose (cute, petite and slightly upturned) and Sophia Loren eyes (almond shaped). The latest rage is carving clefts into chins or, for those whose chins are already cleft, smoothing out the cleft. Much of Pitanguy's time is spent sculpting bustlines into more sedate proportions. "Brazil has more big breasts than anywhere else in the world," he explains. Whether the breasts are expanded or contracted, however, they remain functional after Pitanguy's alterations: milk flow is unimpaired, and nipples are normally positioned. The doctor is also known for his skill in removing fat from the abdomen and trimming bulging "riding breech" hips and then tucking the scars into natural lines among folds of the skin. These alterations often result in a misplaced navel. Cutting and stitching skillfully, Pitanguy moves it back into the proper place.

Such virtuosity does not come cheap. Pitanguy's work earns him hundreds of thousands of dollars a year—in a country where a first-class brain or heart surgeon can expect to earn only \$50,000. But Pitanguy has demonstrated time and again that he is not greedy. He spends Wednesdays operating for free at Rio's General Hospital. In the tradition of most doctors, who soak the rich and salve the poor, Pitanguy donates his services to the maimed and the malformed, whether they can pay or not. "I'll give you a price," he told one American who came to get his deformed ears reshaped. "If that price is too high, I'll give you a lower price. And if that's too high, I'll operate for nothing."

Wart Removal. A Rio face-lift costs \$500 to \$1,600, about 20% less for the doctor and 50% less for the hospital than it does in the U.S. Traveling expenses raise total costs for Americans to about what they would pay at home, but the pleasures of a trip to Rio (and the advantage of secrecy) give Brazil a definite edge. "One woman came here from Beverly Hills to have a wart removed," says Pitanguy, "simply because she likes to travel."

Seeking to lure even more visitors, some of Pitanguy's competitors have begun to branch out. They now offer restorative surgery for women who for reasons of their own wish to return to their virginal state. Pitanguy will not even consider such tampering. "That," he says contemptuously, "involves another ethical pattern."

BUSINESS

America the Inefficient

WHATEVER else it may stand for, the U.S. has long been the Land of Efficiency. Here, if nowhere else, things worked: the trains, the plumbing, the vending—well, no, not the vending machines. But surely the telephones and, until the 1965 Northeastern blackout, the lights. Here mass production was born, the assembly line for good or ill became the modern cornucopia, and Henry Ford once reigned as the leading culture hero. Around the world American efficiency became a byword; at home it came close to being a religion, and wasted time was considered a sin. Only in America could it have occurred to that most idealistic of Presidents, Woodrow Wilson, to praise "clear, disinterested thinking and fearless action" by describing them as "spiritual efficiency."

Lately a horrid suspicion has been growing. Tales of the difficulty, expense and frustration of getting repairs for the car, the dryer, the TV set or just about anything were first whispered and then shouted through the land. The advent of the computer brought a quantum jump in dunning letters for bills already paid. Travelers swiftly spanned the oceans only to spend hours circling airports back home—and then find that their baggage had flown on to some destination of its own. At length the telephone—lifeline of American society and quintessential product of American efficiency—brought not the voices of far-away friends but strange clicks or buzzes, interminable rings, or deep, total silence. Now there is a strong feeling abroad that things just do not work right any more. America the Efficient seems to have become a land governed by Murphy's Law: If anything can go wrong, it will—and at the worst possible time.*

That, of course, is blasphemy—but blasphemy backed by a great deal of Kafkaesque evidence. The Federal Government, for one, sets a particularly disastrous example: it has given the nation, among other questionable monuments to efficiency, the farm-subsidy program, the F-111 swing-wing jet, and urban renewal (sometimes referred to as "Negro removal"). A congressional committee recently heard that between 1951 and 1964 the federal-highway building program in the Baltimore area, for instance, destroyed 21% of housing available to low-income blacks, jamming them into ever more crowded slums.

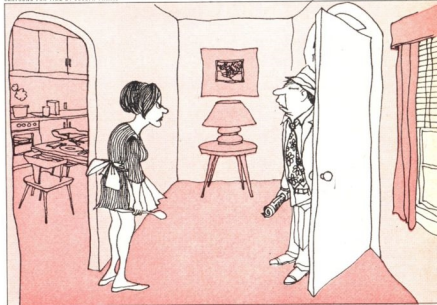
Of all the bureaucracies that have a knack for creating headaches, few can match the Internal Revenue Service. In the name of efficiency, it changed the income tax forms this year, making

them so complicated that millions of Americans for the first time will have to give up and hire tax specialists. Sample instruction: "If line 15a is under \$5,000 and consisted only of wages subject to withholding and not more than \$200 of dividends, interest and non-withheld wages, and you are not claiming any adjustments on line 15b, you can have IRS figure your tax by omitting lines 16, 17, 18, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25 and 26 (but complete line 19)." The Post Office may not be able to match that, quite, but it regularly exceeds its

posts, a total of 200,000 lbs. of metal costing \$150,000. Workmen pulled them from a street that was being torn up for a new subway line, and BART's managers just cannot find them.

In Chicago, the Transit Authority early this year opened a 5.2-mile new subway and surface line. In the first ten days, there were four derailments and one collision, injuring more than 40 people. Chicago *Daily News* Columnist Mike Royko was moved to write: "Everybody agreed that it had indeed been a big event in transportation history, ranking right be-

CARTOONS FOR TIME BY JOSEPH FARRIS



"YOU WON'T BELIEVE THIS BUT I COULDN'T CALL YOU BECAUSE ALL THE PHONES WERE OUT OF ORDER. THE ELEVATOR GOT STUCK. THE TRAIN WAS LATE LEAVING AND THEN BROKE DOWN TWICE. MY CAR WOULDN'T START AT THE STATION. THOSE PHONES WOULDN'T WORK EITHER. I CRIED. I WENT TO A BAR. I GOT DRUNK. I STAGGERED HOME. HERE I AM."

own heroic standards of inefficiency. One letter took 16 days to move from Massachusetts to New Jersey. Neither bureaucracy nor political interference nor rigid seniority rules help the postman complete his appointed rounds.

Remember the Titanic

Local governments are trying hard to emulate Big Brother in Washington. In the San Francisco area, the Bay Area Rapid Transit authority (BART) is a three-county agency that was supposed to build a mass-transit system for the entire region by 1968. Snarled in squabbles among the municipalities, and hampered by unrealistic cost estimates and design blunders, it will not be completed until 1972 at the earliest. Among its ludicrous inefficiencies, BART has somehow managed to lose 100 lamp-

hind the voyage of the *Titanic* and the landing of the *Hindenburg*."

In the Northeastern U.S., ever costlier commuter trains make fiction of their timetables and livestock of their passengers. In cold or wet weather, the cars can be counted on to run as much as three hours late, providing bumpy rides in often unheated or brutally overheated trains. The creaky commuter lines serving Boston eat up so much in subsidies that State Senator Mary Fonseca has suggested that Massachusetts might save money if it bought autos for commuters instead. Particularly in Manhattan, the commuting fiasco has cost business uncountable lost man-hours of work and all sorts of extra expenses (example: hotel bills of managers who are forced to stay in town overnight). The transit snarls have led to marital quar-

* The lawgiver is unknown, but the saying is an old joke among engineers.

rels, cold dinners, a feeling of non-recognition between father and son, and the phenomenon of the weekend that begins at 2 p.m. Saturday, when the commuting father finally wakes up. Suburban psychologists are making a tidy business of treating real or imagined commuter ailments—general nervous tension, depression, and in a few cases, sexual impotence. Burton H. Mandel, an advertising executive, is suing the Long Island Rail Road for \$50,000 in damages for causing him to suffer "commuter neurosis."

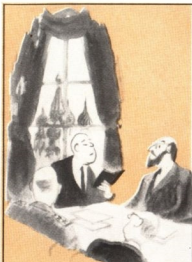
The Sinking Skyscraper

Private enterprise, which prides itself on being superior to Government bureaucracy, unfortunately seems to be becoming more like the Government every day in the inefficiency department. The building industry is notorious. When workmen put in the concrete floor of the Dorothy Chandler Pavilion at the Music Center of Los Angeles County, someone forgot that space was supposed to be left for parts of the air-conditioning system. Result: the concrete had to be broken up with air hammers. Another odd thing happened one year after construction started on Chicago's 100-story John Hancock Building: it began to sink into the ground. Air pockets had developed in the concrete caissons on which "Big John" rested, for reasons that the courts are being asked to determine. Workers spent the next five months tearing down two stories of steel framework and refilling the caissons. Cost: \$1,000,000.

The fruit of these foul-ups is frustration for millions of Americans—and a desire to duplicate the heroics of the man who fired a pistol shot into a vending machine. Some random cases:

► Rex Reed, writer and sometime actor (*Myra Breckinridge*), ordered a bed from a Manhattan department store. Three months passed. Then came the long anticipated announcement: the bed will be delivered on Friday. Reed waited all day. No bed. Having disposed of his other bed, he slept on the floor. Next day delivers the bed but could not put it up. No screws. "We have to put in a special order." On Monday, men appeared with the screws. But they could not put in the mattresses. No slats. "That's not our department." Reed hired a carpenter to build them; the department store's slats finally arrived 15 weeks later. Undaunted, Reed went to the store to buy sheets. Two men came up and declared: "You're under arrest." Why? "You're using a stolen credit card. Rex Reed is dead." Great confusion. Reed flashed all his identity cards, the detectives apologized—and then tore up his store charge card. Why? "Our computer has been told that you are dead. And we cannot change this."

► Mrs. L. Hugh Hutchinson, wife of a retired Air Force colonel, ordered a self-cleaning oven for her new Atlanta town house. Workmen jammed the oven into a wall opening that had been cut for a



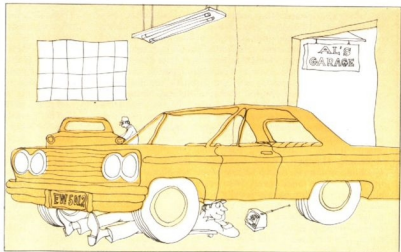
"I JUST DISCOVERED THAT WE INVENTED INEFFICIENCY LONG BEFORE THE AMERICANS."

smaller appliance, thereby bending the oven out of shape. They removed it and more carefully installed another that turned out to have a defective thermostat. A repairman pulled out the thermostat and broke it. He summoned a colleague, who arrived with a new thermostat that was 15 inches too short. The two procured yet another thermostat, spent an afternoon trying to install it, and after much hammering and knocking reduced the oven to what Mrs. Hutchinson calls "a basket case—literally. They carried it out in 14 pieces in a basket."

► Edward Bak, a retailer, bought a rundown building at 1719 West Division Street, Chicago, and thoroughly renovated it as a new location for his hardware store. Meanwhile, officials of the city's buildings department sent Bak a letter, which he never got, demanding that he make repairs. A process server could not find Bak to notify him of a court hearing for a demolition order because the summons was misaddressed

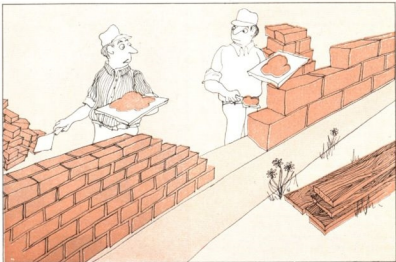
to "Edward Bah" at 1711 West Division. Eventually, inspectors found Bak's building and mailed him a letter saying that it was in good shape, but by the time the letter went out the buildings department had hired wreckers to tear down the structure, and this time they got the address right. Bak's first word came on the telephone from a friend: "Eddie, they're tearing down your building." They did. Bak is suing the city for damages; the city is suing him for the demolition costs.

► Mrs. Jackie McCulloch, wife of a New York journalist, felt stirrings of annoyance when a crew of packers arrived three hours late at her Washington home to crate her family's belongings for a move to Old Greenwich, Conn. She watched anxiously as they tramped mud on the expensive living-room rug and grumbled incessantly about their low pay (\$10 an hour). At 3 a.m., on Friday, the packers were finished and Mrs. McCulloch offered them a \$45 tip, which the crew boss pocketed for himself. Then the movers came. They demanded that she list for them the contents of each of the 586 boxes that the packers had filled and scaled. Finally she persuaded the movers to list the packers' labels, one of which was "basement, attic and garage junk." At 3:40 a.m. on Saturday, the boss announced that his van was fully loaded and that she would have to get a second van—from where, he did not know or care. In desperation, Mrs. McCulloch phoned the moving company's offices in Washington, Baltimore and Philadelphia. No one answered. By midmorning she reached the Chicago office, which arranged to send a second van. After Mrs. McCulloch arrived at her new home, she watched as the movers knocked much of the paint off her freshly decorated hall and kitchen while lugging in appliances. She is now trying to find pieces from various boxes. One box labeled "garage-attic-basement misc." contains nothing of the sort: it holds sheets and a crushed lampshade. Mrs. McCulloch does not intend to respond to a card from the com-



pany asking for comments on the move. ▶ Herschel Elkins, a California deputy attorney general, sees a spectrum of frustration in the numerous consumer protests that he receives about auto repairs, car-sales practices and warranties. From the 27,000 protests about faulty auto repair that came in last year, Elkins picks out the case of a Mexican-American laborer who bought an old car for \$100. In the next 60 days he was victimized by garagemen who were as efficient at stripping him of money as they were inefficient at fixing his car. The laborer was almost inexcusably naive. He spent \$750 for repairs and parts, including a different engine and two separate transmissions. After all that, the car would go no faster than 30 m.p.h.; the owner got one traffic ticket for driving too slowly on a freeway and another because the car was smoking. And because he took too much time off from his job to fuss with the jalopy, he was fired.

▶ Mrs. Peggy Loewe had a wonderful trip—until the plane touched down in the U.S. The flight landed right on time, but there was a 45-minute wait for a parking ramp at Kennedy Airport. After trying in vain to hail a taxi (said a policeman: "Ya gotta be aggressive here, lady"), she boarded the crowded airport bus for a jostling ride to Manhattan's East Side Airlines Ter-



"HEY, MAYBE WE OUGHT TO LOOK AT THE BLUEPRINTS."

minal, which is located away from almost everything. She waited in a long line for a taxi, then shared it with three strangers (all of whom paid full fare). At Grand Central Station, she learned that her commuter train was indefinitely delayed. An hour's wait—and then she boarded a train. It did not budge. Another 30-minute wait; the pas-

sengers were off-loaded and put onto another train. It wheezed out of the station, only to stall several times along the way. Mrs. Loewe had flown from West Germany to the U.S. in 7½ hours. Her journey from Kennedy Airport to her home in New York's Westchester County—30 miles, as the crow flies—took five hours.

PRESUMABLY Marshall McLuhan did not intend to spread alarm when he described communications networks as "extensions of our physical and nervous systems." What happens when that central extension, the telephone network, shows symptoms of a nervous breakdown? For a distressing number of months, it has. When there should be a dial tone, all too often there is only silence or a snap, crackle and pop. Sometimes a call connects to someone else's conversation. The epiphany for much of 1970 America could be "Sorry, the number that you have dialed is not a working number."

Probably the most bizarre experience was that of a young New York City woman who was billed \$181.39 for three calls to Ireland that she did not make, then picked up her phone one day and heard violin music (apparently from a crossed Muzak line). A woman in Los Angeles asked the General Telephone Co. to let her keep her telephone number when she moved. The company did so, but it also gave the number to someone else. When the number is dialed now, two phones ring simultaneously in two different homes. At Atlanta Airport, some telephones continue ringing after they are answered (the local Southern Bell, in a delicious example of inefficiency, used to mail 200 separate checks in 200 separate envelopes to pay the airport's monthly commission on 200 pay phones). Complaints and tempers run high in Chicago, Miami and Los Angeles. In San Francisco, the simple transfer of service from one address to another accounted for seven errors, including a wrong number, a wrong listing at central, and a reconnection that wound up on an unwanted party line.

Wrong Numbers. What is bugging the telephone? The machine is not at fault. The average telephone goes out of order only once every 4½ years. At telephone exchanges, the traditional electrical-mechanical crossbar switching equipment, which routes calls through an open path in an intricate network of switches, is so reliable that it averages only 20 seconds of down time a year. Newer electronic systems now being installed are not only faster than crossbars, but can be programmed like a computer

The Rising Toll

to transfer calls automatically to another number when a subscriber is away from home.

The Bell people's commonplace explanation for all the trouble is that the system is overloaded. When more than 20% of the phones on an exchange are in use at the same time, the dial tone is delayed as calls stack up like planes over an airport. Planning ahead to avoid such overloads is the essence of efficiency and probably management's single most important function. The tangle in the New York telephone system today offers a case study in what happens when a company gets its number wrong.

Primitive Art. At the New York Telephone Co., a subsidiary of A.T. & T.'s Bell System, forecasts of demand for new phones were 22% too low in 1965, 14% too high in 1966, 19% too high in 1967, 20% too low in 1968. For 1968, the company raised its capital-investment budget, which usually ran around \$400 million, to \$500 million. But even that was not really enough to cope with frenetic business growth. On Wall Street, which has possibly the world's most concentrated demand for phone service, peak-hour calling jumped more than 50%, and the overworked system jammed up, at an inestimable loss of business to brokers and to the phone company itself.

There were, of course, extenuating circumstances. Bell uses two statistical methods in its forecasts, one projecting patterns of telephone use, the other economic growth. The art is still primitive. The New York Stock Exchange, for instance, vastly underestimated its trading volume, and Bell, in consequence, was unprepared to meet the brokers' demands. The company could not have foreseen the exchange's decision to go on a shorter day, which led to more calls in fewer hours. Nor could it have expected a city decision that people on welfare have the right to a city-paid telephone—which caused another upsurge in demand. Americans are also talking more; the average telephone conversation now takes 20% more time than it did a few years



"WE DEMAND MORE GOOF-OFF TIME!"

For the sake of efficiency, U.S. citizens have long been willing to give up many of the amenities of life that are common in less complex and slower-paced societies: clean cities, open space, the chance for an afternoon siesta. Until recently, most felt satisfied with the bargain. But now that the U.S. industrial and social system is delivering

such "disproducts" as pollution and racial tension and no longer seems to be supplying the compensating efficiency, many Americans feel they have been swindled in the trade-off.

Have they really? Is the U.S. actually becoming more inefficient? Or is merely the awareness of inefficiency on the rise?

The answer is elusive because efficiency is one of those relative values that are difficult to pin down. Webster's calls it "effective operation as measured by a comparison of production with cost in energy, time and money." Anyone who attempts to apply that definition can turn up some odd results. Harvard Researcher Ann Carter has been measuring the efficiency of various U.S. industries by gauging the amounts of capital and labor needed to produce a dollar's worth of glass, insurance, hotel service and so on. By these purely statistical standards, efficiency is rising fastest in the telephone and telegraph industries, among others. Even auto repair is rated moderately efficient.

Living with the Repairman

It can be argued that U.S. inefficiency is more apparent than real. Americans expect too much—they have been spoiled by riches, demanding smoother operation and greater variety than any economic system could provide. Many housewives, for example, are convinced that modern appliances break down more often than did old-fashioned machines. Betty Furness, who was once the voice of Westinghouse on TV, offers advice to the woman who wants to keep her appliances humming: "Have a repairman, living with you." But General Electric contends that fewer than

of the Telephone Hang-Up

ago. In addition, the need for more maintenance men to fix business phones has meant that fewer are available to repair vandal-plagued pay phones. But all that does not explain management's reliance on forecasts that had been grossly inaccurate in the past, nor its slow response when trouble began.

Catch-Up Football. New York Telephone is scrambling to recoup, at considerable cost. It raised the capital-investment budget to \$727 million last year and \$880 million this year, and brought in 1,500 repairmen from other parts of the country for four months of overtime work. They found many unfamiliar problems. Often manholes became so crowded with lines that repairmen could hardly work in them. In its equipment production plants, Western Electric, which is a Bell subsidiary, gave top priority to orders from New York Telephone—at the expense of some delay in deliveries to other systems.

Critics contend that New York Telephone could have done far more by bringing in outside contractors and buying equipment from Western Electric's competitors, as other Bell subsidiaries have done to maintain service. "They're playing catch-up football," says Telephone Consultant William Schwartz, "and they're falling farther and farther behind." Like other phone consultants, not all of whom agree with him, Schwartz earns part of his living from the company's inefficiency. In studying a client company's telephone needs with an eye to trimming costs, consultants often get refunds for clients who have been overbilled by Bell. One Manhattan brokerage firm for years unknowingly paid for a line to a vacant lot.

New York Telephone's ills are compounded by its seeming inability to hold a skilled staff. It takes three years for telephone repairmen to become expert in their job, but 50% of them leave within two years. The prime reason is pay. A repairman starts at \$95 a week and after six years climbs to \$184, not enough to hold the best of men in inflationary times.

It is sadly ironic that New York Telephone is vehemently faulted in one department where its efforts are most laudable of all. Fully 60% of its 10,000 operators are blacks or Puerto Ricans, often recruited from the ghetto. Many of the information operators are scarcely acquainted with the geography of New York City—let alone places out of town—and some are unable to cope as yet with demands of business life. New York Telephone spends an average \$600 each to train the young women, even giving them remedial reading and elocution courses.

Rate Raise. What can be done about the telephone service? More competition is probably not the answer because the Bell System still provides decidedly better service than most of its much smaller competitors. It is also superior to the phone service in almost any other country. One interesting suggestion to assure a fairer deal for the customer is legislation—already in effect in Florida and Arkansas—that provides an incentive by directly tying the telephone company's permitted profit to the level of service that it provides. Bell contends that it needs a return of 8% to 8½%, on invested capital, compared with its present legal limit of 7½%, in order to buy equipment for future needs. Three weeks ago, New York Telephone raised its rates. The monthly cost of a typical Manhattan residential phone went from \$12 to \$12.75, which the company calculates will return it less than 7%—whether or not its service improves.

Last week Consultant Schwartz started the Committee for Improved Telephone Service to press for legislation setting minimum standards of service. The committee's goal: 95% of all calls to operators answered within five seconds, 90% of calls for repairs answered within 20 seconds, and a repairman dispatched within two hours. That would be a considerable improvement on today's performance. New York Telephone's current goal is ten seconds to get a dial tone or an operator, and four to 24 hours to send a repairman to the house. One measure of how far the telephone system has fallen is that what seemed natural only a few years ago appears positively utopian today.

3% of its toasters, electric coffeemakers and other housewares are repaired under warranty today, compared with more than 6% ten years ago. Trouble is, today's appliances are so complex that they are tough to fix when they break down and, as a G.E. officer says, "the consumer is more conscious of malfunction today than ever before."

Visitors from abroad support the U.S. consumer's impression that something is happening to American efficiency. Compared with most foreign countries, the U.S. as a whole is still staggeringly efficient, but the image of old-fashioned,

tidy of the nation's production. The best overall measure of the efficiency of management and workers is output per man-hour in the nation's factories and offices. Late last year, productivity in the private nonfarm area declined slightly and that aggravated inflation. Reason: when productivity falls while wages rise, businessmen have to increase prices to cover costs. Inefficiency is not only impeding on production but also on the actual span of life in the U.S. Inefficiencies in the medical system have contributed to a decline in the life expectancy of the average American at birth, from 70.8 years in 1967 to 70.4 years in 1968.

The Traumas of Growth

At the root of much inefficiency is the nation's startling growth and the lack of planning to cope with it. More people every year crowd into the cities. Of the nation's approximately 80,000 cities, towns, villages, school boards, sanitary districts and other governments, most are too small, too fragmented, and too jealous of each other. There are few joint programs that would provide efficient transit for these people, educate their children effectively, or even haul away their garbage. The sheer growth in the numbers of people has led to many of today's inefficiencies—traffic-jammed streets, uncollected trash, interminable waits for taxis, lunch tables or a sales clerk's attention.

For all their Chamber of Commerce talk about long-range planning, many U.S. businessmen have shown a deep-seated distrust of planning, particularly by the Government. They have often been surprised and overwhelmed by the extent of growth and demand. In some cases they did not spend enough for expansion because the slow growth of the late 1950s and early 1960s misled them into believing that American consumers were becoming sated. But in many instances, managers simply skimped on spending to dress up their balance sheets. Says Mason Haire, professor of management at M.I.T.: "Too many companies still reward executives for short-term profits. Very often a manager will not spend money on the future, and with luck he will get promoted out of his job before the future arrives. Some other guy has to live with the consequences."

The consequences can be nightmarish. The New York Stock Exchange, whose members thrive or fail according to their ability to forecast, predicted a few years ago that daily trading volume might hit 10 million shares by 1975. Trading surged past that level in 1968. A mountain of paper work fell on exchange members, and they did not have enough men or machines to dig out. The Big Board went on short trading hours early in 1968, and has still not bounced back to a full trading week. In a similar way, demand for electricity has shocked power-company executives. Managers of New York's Con

Edison decided some time ago that a 21% reserve capacity would be enough to give the customers what they need. The managers were wrong. They had to ask customers to turn off air conditioning in some of New York City's biggest buildings on the hottest days of last summer.

In a sense, affluence is the enemy of efficiency. Affluence weakens, sometimes to the point of nonexistence, the worker's fear of being fired. In her study of the Depression, *The Invisible Scar*, Caroline Bird describes almost lyrically the service enjoyed by people who were well off in the 1930s: "Shopping was a pleasure . . . The salespeople knew the stock and enjoyed showing it . . . Barbers came to the house if desired . . . Mail and milk were delivered along with newspapers in time for breakfast . . . Elevators were run by operators who said 'Good morning,' reported the weather, and took in messages and parcels." This, as Miss Bird notes, was clearly efficiency for the few based on the poverty and despair of many. In those days of unemployment rates ranging up to 25% of the work force, any job was a treasure to be treated with devotion. Several people were waiting to replace any sluggish or surly worker; if laid off, he could count on months or even years of idleness and penury.

No Longer Turned On

Today, quite a few businessmen tell each other between drinks at the country club that some more unemployment would be good for the economy's efficiency. But any politician who says that even 5% unemployment is tolerable flirts with disaster. The nation is committed to relatively full employment and, though the jobless rate inched up to 4.2% last month, employers still have trouble finding anyone who will deign to take a position considered boring or menial. Turnover of workers runs high in the Post Office, with disastrous ef-



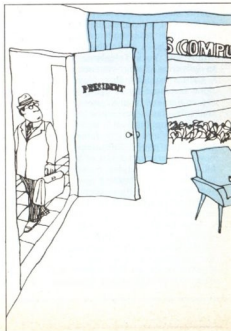
"BULLETIN . . . BECAUSE OF A TREMENDOUS DEMAND FOR ELECTRICITY THE POWER COMPANIES SAY THERE IS DISTINCT POSSIBILITY OF A POWER SHORT . . ."

charmingly inefficient Europe in contrast with America is no longer true.

Robert Ball, *TIME*'s European economic correspondent, is impressed by the changes that he notices on periodic visits home. "The breakdown in street cleaning and trash removal seems symptomatic of a general decline in urban public services," he reports. "Certainly public transport in a city like New York is a disaster. The subway system is one of the dirtiest I have ever seen—worse than London—and is by all odds the hardest to use. A visitor now is usually spared the rigors of long rail journeys because there are hardly any trains. Even airline efficiency in the U.S. is no longer so great. I have seldom experienced anything in Europe that approaches those hour-long holds over Kennedy Airport."

"If the visitor stays long enough to do some shopping, he will see evidence of inefficiency in the shoddiness of many types of goods. Blue jeans seem to be the only children's clothes that last any more. Corduroy clothes, which used to be bought for durability, just melt away. Sales clerks often seem to be uninformed or indifferent, though they are not yet as bad as waiters."

The countless petty and major annoyances are cutting into the quality of American life, and indeed into the quan-



fects upon efficiency, because few Americans will accept jobs that require work at night or on weekends. Some restaurateurs are hiring the mentally retarded because they are the only people willing to try—and even take some pride in—mopping floors and washing dishes. Hospitals often recruit the physically handicapped for service jobs—handling bedpans, doing kitchen and laundry work—that no one else will stick with.

Urbanization also subtly strikes efficiency of personalized services. The big-city plumber or repairman who botches a job rarely has to face the angry customer again. He can find plenty of other customers who do not know him but pick his name out of the Yellow Pages when they are desperate for his services. In earlier times, in a small town, people had to build up a clientele, so good will mattered. Even today, city dwellers who visit smaller towns are surprised to find smiling cab drivers and hustling waiters.

But the true spur to efficiency is not fear—either of unemployment or a customer's wrath; it is rather a positive ideal. And that ideal is failing in the affluent urban society of the present time. "People are no longer turned on by the Protestant Ethic," says Abraham Zaleznik, a professor at the Harvard Business School. To some, the Protestant Ethic—hard work is a virtue for its own sake—appears to have been replaced by an almost Mediterranean spirit, a spreading belief that men should work no more than they must to enjoy the good life and worldly pleasures. "There has been a steady and consistent reduction in the commitment of men to work as a way of life," says Lane Kirkland, secretary-treasurer of the A.F.L.-C.I.O. "That movement has accelerated in recent times. The expansion of paid leisure time will continue, and there may well be a greater tendency to choose leisure over

additions to income, where that choice can be made."

The choice is already being made. In auto plants, complains General Motors Chairman James Roche, absenteeism doubled during the 1960s, hurting production quality so badly that some G.M. output "is worse than no output at all." Chrysler President Virgil Boyd adds that "one of the biggest problems is Monday absenteeism—the fellow who works two weeks and decides to take a long weekend." Detroit's worst lemons are usually found among cars built on a Monday because they are often put together by inexperienced substitute workers and veterans nursing hangovers.

Status and Sabotage

Workers also insist on more leisure on the job itself—or what auto executives call "goof-off time." Local unions have sometimes called strikes over demands for slowing down assembly lines in order to allow workers more minutes each hour to stretch and gossip. Inefficiency, in the form of less productivity, becomes a formal contract goal. G.M. in particular has been hurt by walkouts over goof-off time and by wild-cat strikes that occur with uncanny regularity just as the salmon-fishing or deer-hunting seasons begin. The trend of the times is echoed in Simon & Garfunkel's *Feelin' Groovy*:

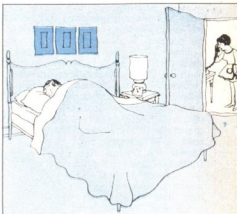
*Slow down. You move too fast.
You got to make the morning last . . .*

That is precisely the spirit that the first of the stopwatch-toting efficiency experts, Frederick Winslow Taylor, condemned in 1911 as "the greatest evil with which the working people are now afflicted." In a yard where laborers were loading 121 tons of pig iron each aboard flatcars every day, he taught one worker named Schmidt to load 47½ tons by changing the movements he used to lift the 92-lb. bars and the speed at which he walked to the flatcar.⁶ Taylor's ideas were expanded by Frank Gilbreth, who contended that there must be "one best way" of doing everything. In a book, *Cheaper by the Dozen*, two of his twelve children recalled the living-room drills at which Gilbreth, fully clothed, demonstrated the proper movements for taking a bath. The modern followers of Taylor and Gilbreth have gone beyond time-and-motion study to give advice on plant design and quality-control standards.

They have a tough job on their hands. Some workers actively sabotage efficiency. A New Jersey-based oil company, for instance, once installed a \$750,000 computer system to keep track of inventory and automatically reorder supplies. Within a few months the company was inundated by unnecessary pipes,

parts and paper. The reason, one manager recalls, was that "every foreman saw the system as detracting from his authority and adding more red tape. The foremen, I suspect, began faking shortages so the computer would reorder." The computer system was junked.

Many people, like the foremen, view efficiency as a threat to their status. Universities often operate at peak capacity only between 8 a.m. and noon, certainly an inefficient use of their buildings and their students' time. Senior faculty members, says Dr. E. Lee McLean, an adviser to several universities, consider that being asked to teach five



"HE DOESN'T FEEL LIKE GOING TO THE OFFICE TODAY. HE SAYS HE'S INFECTED WITH THE MEDITERRANEAN SPIRIT."

days a week or during afternoons is an offense against professional dignity. Factory workers in Flint, Mich., turned a cold shoulder to a bus line that offered to pick them up at their homes and drop them off at plant gates. The workers figured that men who could not drive their own cars to the plant were second-class citizens.

In the offices of business and government, executives often mistake the appearance of efficiency for its reality. The informal office that serves as a "social circle" for employees, says Eric Larrabee, an administrator at the State University of New York at Buffalo, may look sloppy to outsiders but is usually quite efficient. Its employees, he reasons, develop a community spirit, learn one another's strengths and weaknesses, and "adopt a kind of rhythm" that enables them to produce work quickly with a minimum of fuss. This is not likely to be achieved in a business environment totally dominated by men. "Women," contends Larrabee, "are much more efficient in offices than men."

Nor is efficiency likely to develop best in big, rich corporations. The giant company tends to become a political structure in which executives invest considerable time campaigning for higher office and protecting their flanks by rigidly following fixed procedures. Many an executive, for example, is



⁶ John Dos Passos, in *U.S.A.*, wrote an epitaph for Taylor:

"On the morning of his fiftyninth birthday, when the nurse went into his room to look at him at four thirty, he was dead with his watch in his hand."

Throw the Rascal Out!

► "Nobody should be chief executive officer of anything for more than five or six years. If he doesn't retire gracefully, throw the rascal out."

► "All decisions should be made as low as possible in the organization. The charge of the Light Brigade was ordered by an officer who wasn't there looking at the territory."

► "The only people who thoroughly enjoy being assistants-to are vampires. The assistant-to recommends itself to the weak or lazy manager as a crutch. It helps him where he shouldn't and can't be helped—head-to-head contact with his people."

These karate chops to the corporate system are from a new book, *Up the Organization*, a breezy assault on business inefficiency clearly destined for the best-seller list. The publisher, Alfred A. Knopf, has ordered a printing of 100,000, a run usually reserved for sex-saturated novels. The author, Robert Townsend, is an executive best known for driving Avis from a distant second in the car-rental field to wealth and prominence in only three years (1962 to 1965) as its chief executive officer. (He now is owner of a small newsletter, *The Congressional Monitor*.) His book is more a hip survival manual than a reasoned study. Its short chapters pop corporate conceits like balloons at a shooting gallery, but often fail to offer anything of substance to replace them. Still, many of his observations will bring nervous laughs in executive suites.

His advice to newly arrived chief executives: "Fire the whole advertising department and your old agency." That is just what Townsend did on moving to Avis from American Express. He sought out Doyle Dane Bernbach, William Bernbach, the agency's chief, came up with a theme that did not entirely please anybody. The only honest statements he felt the ads could make were that the company was second largest and that its people were trying harder. Townsend agreed, and the rest is history.

True to his conviction that bigness usually leads to calcification, Townsend stepped out of Avis when it was acquired in 1965—despite his opposition—by the giant conglomerate International Telephone & Telegraph. "If you have a good company, don't sell out to a conglomerate," Townsend advises. "Conglomerates will promise anything for your people, but once in the fold your company goes through the ho-

mogenizer along with their other acquisitions of the week."

For proof of the widening gap between business and the consumer, Townsend proposes a simple test: let an executive place a call to his company and pretend that he is a customer seeking help. If he reacts harshly to the almost inevitable run-around, he should then try phoning his own office and experience the obstacle course he has set up. As one way of clearing away the communications barriers between the boss and his customers and employees, Townsend suggests getting rid of secretaries—an idea not likely to reduce the book's publicity potential. He has a few words about boards of directors: "Suppliers of goods and services—like lawyers, accountants and bankers—should be kept off the board if at all possible. Give one of these a seat and you shut off healthy competition from his profession to serve your company."

Nepotism is another danger. Townsend argues that the Ford brothers should have left the Ford Motor Co. when it went public. "When they didn't," he notes, "it seemed inevitable that their first classic misadventure should turn out to be named after a relative." He also gives a kick to management's all-purpose crutch, the computer—"big, expensive, fast, dumb adding-machine-typewriters." The technicians who operate them? "They're building a mystique, a priesthood,

their own mumbo-jumbo ritual to keep you from knowing what they—and you—are doing." He is wary of automation, "I've never known a company seriously injured by automating too slowly," he writes, "but there are some classic cases of companies bankrupted by computerizing prematurely."

Corporate viability, in Townsend's view, means a running skirmish with the business establishment. "When the vast majority of big companies agree on some practice or policy," he writes, "you can be fairly certain that it's out of date. Ask yourself: 'What's the opposite of this conventional wisdom?' And then work back to what makes sense." Essentially, Townsend calls for an end to institutionalized submissiveness. "Most of us," he sardonically asserts, "come from good solid European stock whose record of rapacity, greed, cruelty and treachery would make Genghis Khan look like Mahatma Gandhi. To go down now without a whimper (much less a bang) is completely out of character."

required to hand over all buying decisions to a purchasing department that will bury them in paper work, attend meetings at which he knows no one will say anything of any interest to him, and address memos to other managers on everything that he does. (The managers probably will not read them but must be given a chance to object.)

These corporate rules are designed to promote efficiency but actually work against innovation. In offices bound by stylized procedures, says Larrabee, followers of the Protestant Ethic who are more interested in getting work done than in obeying the rules are looked on as "sort of scabs." In self-defense, he adds, they often set up a kind of underground network. "They tend to conceal themselves, but they are in touch with one another, and they know whom they can trust." Such undergrounds also operate in government. Harlan Cleveland, an Assistant Secretary of State during the Kennedy and Johnson Administrations, once remarked that it was best to have an international crisis burst on a weekend. In order to prepare a plan of action, he said, "you could put together an *ad hoc* group composed entirely of the people you really wanted and get the damn thing done before the organization got back on Monday."

The Power of Complaint

Short of such ingenious innovations, some practical first steps could be taken toward reducing inefficiency in a number of areas:

CONSUMER ACTION: Consumers could help themselves—and society—by complaining more about shoddy goods and slapdash service. When it comes to complaining, most Americans are really members of the Silent Majority. Ari Kiev, head of Cornell Medical College's social psychiatry program, figures that the atmosphere of the faceless society conditions customers to put up with inefficiency. Many Americans, he says, "have been trained from early on that nothing can be done. So much is made of rules and regulations, of the idea that 'you had better check it out first.' We become very dependent on others to give us cues. This fosters a lack of self-confidence. We become afraid to act." As Ralph Nader, John Banzhaf and other consumer crusaders have proved, the determined complainer can do plenty. For their part, companies could respond by following the example of Avis, TWA and a few other firms. They assign executives to work briefly at service jobs—as counter clerks or even car washers and baggage handlers—to learn firsthand how well or poorly the jobs are being done, and to find out what the customer really wants.

PRODUCT DESIGN: Companies could design products with an eye to easier repair. Motorola now produces color TV sets in which the basic parts are tucked into a pullout drawer; a serviceman can slide out the drawer and replace the faulty parts without hauling the



TOWNSEND



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whole set into his shop. In addition, manufacturers could spend more on improved quality and less on annual model changes. "Planned obsolescence," says Henry Ford II, "is out the window."

MANAGEMENT HABITS: Executives could surely re-examine some time-hallowed rules, with a view to eliminating make-work and Parkinson's first law ("Work expands so as to fill the time available for its completion"). Though the work week has been growing shorter on the production line, today's managers are working harder—or at least longer—than those of any previous generation. Part of the problem is simply inept planning of time and operations (see box, page 78). Most executives should be allowed to set their own working hours instead of meeting fixed schedules, which often make for an inefficient use of time. Much executive work could be delegated to people on the lower rungs. There is considerable discussion of this in other fields: doctors are talking about turning over more of their basic chores to paramedics and nurses; judges are debating whether they could be freed to handle more cases if professional managers were appointed to handle administrative paper work in the courts.

NATIONAL PLANNING: There may have to be somewhat more Government planning and somewhat less emphasis on growth for growth's sake. In the area of transportation, for example, there is need for vast Government planning of new airport facilities and some curbing of competition. Is it logical or economical for four different airlines to fly half-empty planes at about the same time to the same place? On the other hand, transportation could be made much more efficient if the Government eased some of its old rules covering the shipment of goods. It might be wise to change the law forbidding any one company to use all modes of land, sea and air transport to move people or products.

These are only some possibilities, pointing in the direction of what might be done. Ultimately, though, the question is: How much efficiency does the U.S. really want?

The Counter-Cult

The answer is not as pat as it might seem. Though most Americans still accept efficiency as virtuous, there is a growing counter-cult that views efficiency as a dehumanizing, soul-devouring force. The cult began long ago, with Aldous Huxley and George Orwell. In their nightmare utopias, *Brave New World* and *1984*, they depicted future dictatorships made all the more oppressive by relentless efficiency. The counter-cult has strong expression in modern science fiction. Example: in *This Perfect Day*, Ira Levin, author of *Rosemary's Baby*, describes a futuristic society ruled by a gigantic computer, Uni, which calculates the most "efficient" assignments of careers for its many human subjects and, like a computerized dat-

ing service gone wild, even mates them.

The U.S., to put it mildly, is not yet faced with the problems of efficiency in the extreme. But it does have to contend with choices among competing efficiencies. In its crowded and complex society, the goals of individuals often conflict with those of larger groups, making one man's efficiency another man's inefficiency. To take a simple example,

ly inefficient for the city as a whole.

Thus the whole matter gets down to the question of goals. Just what kind of efficiency should one strive for? "In love affairs," notes Syracuse University Sociologist Manfred Stanley, "it is a very different kind of efficiency if you want to achieve marriage, or if you want to seduce a girl for one night."

One goal, of course, is to continue aiming for efficiency for the majority of Americans—not efficiency for the few, as in less developed societies. But the basic idea of efficiency is that a nation must make the most of what it has and not squander its resources. To that end, the nation may have to give up some of its past great luxury of choice—all the different makes and models that are not so different from one another. "We have always been able to afford enormous waste," says Sociologist David Riesman, "because we thought our space and resources were unlimited. We are spendthrifts with our time and materials. We no longer have that room. We learned to feel that it is our unalienable right to have the freedom of many options at our disposal and to have things always go smoothly."

The Charms of Loafing

Some inefficiencies may have to be tolerated simply because they make life more human. A labor shortage that inspires employers to hire ghetto blacks and other handicapped people instead of leaving them to subsist on public welfare is a good thing, whatever inefficiencies it may breed. Goof-off time feeds inflation by lowering productivity—and nobody should underestimate what social damage that can cause. But one of the charms of the affluent society is that it indulges the human propensity to loaf and gives at least partial fulfillment to the Industrial Revolution's old promise that the machine will free man from drudgery.

The inefficiencies that will be hardest to surmount are those that do nobody any good. Making sense out of the jumble of local governments will require a decades-long struggle against that most powerful of vested interests, inertia. Correcting the inefficiencies of workers in the service trades—repairmen, waiters, barbers and laundry employees—may be more difficult yet; it will take nothing less than a cultural change. Such jobs need not be regarded as menial; the person performing a service is exercising power, doing something for the customer that he cannot do for himself. But the U.S. has long been moving in the opposite direction, toward the state that John W. Gardner, head of the Urban Coalition, warned about in his book *Excellence*: "The society which scorns excellence in plumbing, because plumbing is a humble activity, and tolerates shoddiness in philosophy, because it is an exalted activity, will have neither good plumbing nor good philosophy. Neither its pipes nor its theories will hold water."



the man who drinks soda or beer likes the "one-way bottle." He can drink up and toss it away, rather than return it for a refund. But that little everyday luxury builds up a mountain of hard-to-dispose-of garbage. To the shopkeeper, efficiency means getting merchandise delivered at the start of every business day. Result: trucks flood the streets, producing traffic jams that are staggering-

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Architect: B. J. Kingdon.
Consulting Engineer: Shrum Engineering.

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The Telltale Gesture

To Bill King, a person's gesture is as revealing as his signature. The knowing arch of an eyebrow, the way a woman touches her hair, that awkward fumbling for a cigarette at a cocktail party—all tell much about a person's view of himself, his pretensions and anxieties. Walking into a room of King's sculptures, a visitor is likely to feel he has met them all some place before. And he probably has. Here is a Madison Avenue type in J. Press suit, there a teen-ager in to-readers, over there a gangly businessman on holiday, all legs and knobby knees in Bermuda shorts.

In observing a gait or a glance, and the very cut of contemporary clothes, King has turned gesture into a devastating commentary on modern mores. His sly and practiced eye is supported by a pair of incredibly deft hands that have mastered carving (wood), welding (metals), modeling (plaster), and stitching (burlap and linen). Last week an exhibition slated to travel to eight U.S. cities opened at the San Francisco Museum of Art, showing King's mastery of still another medium—sheet aluminum. Each work consists of two to five sections that had been cut out paper-doll fashion, and notched together as simply as, well, a paper doll.

Droll Humor. A lanky 6 ft. 1 in., William King at 45 looks like one of his own sculptures. Born in Florida, he took up engineering, soon became bored and headed for New York. He enrolled at Cooper Union and, three years later, won a Fulbright scholarship to study sculpture in Italy. His earliest works were wood carvings of bathers, musicians and athletes, which owed much to American folk art.

Even then his droll humor was evident. In 1964, while using burlap to impress the texture of cloth in his lost-wax bronzes, he hit upon the idea of making sculptures out of the burlap itself draped over metal armatures. He quickly became handy with a needle and thread, still chuckles over the fact that when thieves recently broke into his studio, they walked off with his old secondhand Singer sewing machine and ignored his sculptures (which command up to \$7,500).

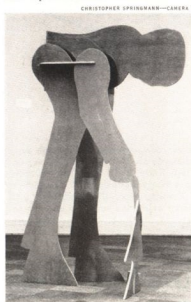
Ridiculously Real. Fabric added a new depth of characterization to his art, making the figures seem more real and all the more ridiculous. There followed works in linen and shiny vinyl, a material that marvelously captured the slick airs and plastic emptiness of city sophistication. The aluminum sculptures reflect a more tender view of human nature. Several celebrate the joys of parenthood. Women, too, appear in a more sensuous and loving light.

Still, as in all good humorists, there has often been an implied anguish, a faint twinge of bitterness behind the



KING & "WAITING"
With sly and practiced eye.

witty satire. King's most recent work, titled *Farmers* and currently displayed at the American Academy of Arts and Letters in Manhattan, is not comic at all, but starkly tragic. It consists of a dozen or so limp, lifeless figures fashioned from corrugated cardboard. King ran up a pair of black cotton pajamas for each, made conical hats from brown wrapping paper, and tossed them all in a casual heap on the floor. "I wanted to make a point about Viet Nam," he says, "and this was something I could do in my own medium."



"LEARNING"
Supported by deft hands.

From Pablo, With Love

Pablo Picasso has always been articulately hostile to Franco's Spain. Only four months ago, he brusquely refused a request from the Spanish Government to acquire his celebrated *Guernica*, which depicts the sufferings of civilians in the Spanish Civil War. "*Guernica* will return to Spain only when the republic is restored," he declared from France, where he has lived for nearly 70 of his 88 years. And he himself probably will not go back before *Guernica*. Thus, the French were somewhat aggrieved last week when it was announced that Picasso had donated some 900 of his early works to the city of Barcelona to be installed in the small but charming Picasso museum started by his friend Jaime Sabartés.

Homesickness. They should not have been. For Picasso, Barcelona is not Franco's Spain—it is the place where he grew up. His family moved there when his father, an art teacher and curator, took a position at the School of Fine Arts. Picasso was then a precocious 13, and it was there, over the next few years, that he set up his first studio, received his first exhibition and won his first prize—an honorable mention for the painting *Science and Charity*, for which his father posed as a doctor. To this day, friends say, when Picasso suffers from homesickness, or *morriña* as the Spanish call it, it is for Barcelona.

Even after his father died, the family kept the apartment, and lovingly maintained the collection of Picasso's earliest sketchbooks and the paintings he turned out on his occasional return visits. Nobody but Picasso really knows just what the collection contains. But officials estimate that there must be about 260 oils, 600 drawings and 100 or so gouaches. There are sketches of his friends, the gulls circling over the seaport where his father once worked, the dance halls and bullfights that he saw in Barcelona.

Treasure Trove. Besides homesickness, Picasso seems to have been motivated by the fact that in Barcelona he met his lifelong friend and later secretary, Jaime Sabartés. Over the years, Picasso gave Sabartés a treasure trove of his works. In 1963, Sabartés donated the rich collection to the city of Barcelona, which provided a lovely old *palacio* to house it. Picasso's bequest was actually made a month ago, when he summoned a Barcelona notary public to his Riviera villa and dictated a document, declaring, "I, Pablo Picasso, in memory of my unforgettable friend Jaime Sabartés, grant the bequest to the city of Barcelona . . ."

The artist's gift will leave Barcelona with the biggest Picasso collection in the world—at least numerically. But the canny old master has sequestered in his own private custody thousands of his mature works, and unless Barcelona gets those, too, the site of the definitive Picasso museum is still the master's choice.

You are cordially invited this Easter season to a special exhibition of Michelangelo's magnificent frescoes from the Sistine Chapel in Rome.

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BOOKS

Case Closed

A good mystery story is like apple pie, said Erle Stanley Gardner. "I could give you all the ingredients, tell you how hot your oven must be and how long to leave the pie in. It might come out good; it might taste lousy. But if you get a good piece of pie and eat it after a good meal, you'll like apple pie."

Gardner, who died last week at the age of 80, was the Mrs. Wagner of the genre. Since *The Case of the Velvet Claws*, the first of his Perry Mason mysteries, was published in 1933, his books have been bestsellers all over the world. Millions have come to know the portly defense counselor from the television serial. As far off as Saudi Arabia, Perry Mason reruns have the population wondering about the advantages of the jury system over King Feisal's rigid religious courts.

By the mid-1960s, Gardner's books were selling in 30 languages and dialects, sometimes at a rate of 20,000 copies a day. In addition to 80 Perry Mason titles and 15 works of nonfiction, Gardner produced 29 Lam-Cool books under the pseudonym A. A. Fair. *All Grass Isn't Green*—to be published next week—will be the last in the series, which features the exploits of Donald Lam, a small, smart legman for Bertha Cool, a plump, fortyish female private eye.

Conny in Court. By the end of last year, Gardner's 140 books had sold a total of 170 million copies in the U.S. Among fellow mystery writers, only Georges Simenon, the Belgian creator

of the Inspector Maigret stories, surpassed Gardner in output or ranks with him in sales.

Unlike most modern mystery writers, Gardner avoided sexy scenes. His neat, complex plots were based on careful research and much personal experience. Perry Mason's canny courtroom performances are rooted in Gardner's own career as a trial lawyer in California from 1911 until the '30s. At the bar, he relied on quick wits, a disarming manner and special knowledge rather than browbeating tactics to win cases. He once had a gambling charge against a group of Chinese dropped by bringing dozens of other Chinese into the courtroom and challenging the prosecutor to match faces with the names on the indictments. Of his law days, Gardner liked to recall that he defended "vagrants, peeping Toms and chicken thieves as if they were great statesmen."

Despite his skill, legal fees were scarce in the early Depression. To augment them, he turned to pulp writing, finally giving up the law when money began to roll in from Perry Mason. Gardner's concern for the underdog endured long after he achieved literary success. In 1948, he founded the Court of Last Resort, a private organization to aid prisoners whom he believed had been unjustly confined. He gave frequent testimony against capital punishment and often championed conservation projects against powerful interests. He was an enthusiastic sportsman who stopped hunting with a gun in favor of bow and arrow because he felt that no animal stands a chance against telescopic sights and high-powered bullets. In addition, he was a highly competent photographer, explorer and amateur archaeologist.

Fiction Factory. To enjoy so many activities and still turn out as many as 7,000 words a day, Gardner exercised cast-iron discipline. As part of what he called his "fiction factory," on a 1,000-acre ranch at Temecula, Calif., he kept up to seven full-time secretaries busy transcribing the novels he dictated into a battery of tape recorders. For privacy, he worked in strategically located trailers and houseboats. When his first wife died in 1968, one of his secretaries, Agnes Jean Bethell, became Mrs. Gardner. She had come to work for him in 1930 and was a model for Della Street, Perry Mason's girl Friday.

In his prime, Gardner could finish a novel in six weeks. He was so prolific that a newspaper reviewer once intimated that the author had a ghost writer or two stashed away at the ranch. Gardner's publisher immediately offered \$100,000 to anyone who could substantiate the story. "It would be worth \$100,000," he said, "just to find someone who can write like Gardner."

JOHN DOMINIS—LIFE



MAYOR LINDSAY IN HARLEM
A plea for cash and credit.

Urbane Renewal

THE CITY by John V. Lindsay, 240 pages. Norton. \$5.95.

His first administration took office to the screeching brakes of an immobilizing transit strike. Thereafter the city lost half its major daily newspapers, endured a monumental garbage strike, suffered the paralyzing aftermath of a great snowstorm, and mourned the loss of numberless school days as a result of the worst school strike in U.S. history.

Thus it was that last year John Vliet Lindsay stood for re-election as mayor of New York City trailing clouds of trouble and portents of defeat. Everyone knows the doubly miraculous results. Running as a Liberal and Independent, Lindsay was both repudiated and re-elected. Fifty-eight percent of the voters were against him. Yet he drew more support than either of the other candidates and emerged as a figure of national political consequence.

Now he has written a book. Perhaps unavoidably, most of the material in it is culled from speeches, position papers, office research. Yet to Lindsay's credit the mark of his personal syntax, the idiosyncratic cadences of his oral editorial style, glotal-stop through its pages. Touch this book and you may not touch a man, but you will certainly hear him talking.

Ultimate Problem. Along with a good deal of eclectic commentary, what finally emerges is the outline for a Northern alternative to the Southern strategies that have gripped both major parties in the presidential politics of the '60s. City halls are supposed to be political dead ends—the mayors of at least half a dozen major cities declined to run for re-election in 1969. But *The City* reveals that John V. Lindsay is still very much alive and plotting in the corridors of Gracie Mansion.

Lindsay develops his position by



ERLE STANLEY GARDNER IN 1962
A way with words and witnesses.

tracing the root of the country's urban ills back to the attitudes of the agrarian founding fathers, who viewed cities as more evil than necessary. The 19th century, he argues, further fostered the notion that national destiny lay in the virginal lands of the West rather than the vice-ridden cities of the East. By the 20th century, the idea had taken hold that cities were to be overtaxed and unrepresented. In the past three decades, Lindsay says, cities have received no significant federal funds to aid mass transit, though more than \$60 billion has been earmarked for highways.

"The ultimate problem," says New York's mayor again and again, "is money—or rather, the problem of not enough money." To get enough money for the cities through tax sharing with state and federal governments, Lindsay acknowledges, would mean nothing less than a dramatic reordering of national priorities. His chief target is military spending: the \$500 billion in defense contracts awarded the military-industrial complex since 1950, a \$70 billion federal defense budget, and ultimately the war in Viet Nam, which he claims costs New Yorkers alone three times as much in annual taxes as the Government has ever spent in any one year on urban housing throughout the entire nation.

None of these statistics or arguments are startlingly new. Critics, moreover, have justly pointed out that there is more wrong with the mayor's methods and administration than lack of money. Nevertheless Lindsay is a pious pleader and a practical politician. He knows that one constituency can be defeated only by the threat of gathering a larger constituency. He is obviously fascinated by the idea of going to town, literally making political capital out of the basic issue of the cities.

More than once he cites the fact that 75% of the national population live in cities. And within these cities are what he describes as a "hidden nation" of wretched and increasingly pressured citizens, who are becoming more and more visible. Lindsay's views of dealing with this "hidden nation"—the constituency he seems to stand ready to champion, as opposed to Richard Nixon's Silent Majority of Middle America—are quite different from those of the present Republican hierarchy. Unlike an Agnew or a Mitchell, for example, he does not believe in repressive police policies and summary judicial measures: "Each new loss of liberty, as it fails to bring instant peace, will bring forth a call for the abrogation of another right, until the most brilliant document ever conceived for the protection of individuals becomes a shell—and crime and violence continue."

Lindsay offers an eloquent warning against the dangers of overreaction: "Surely some who demonstrate are thoroughly deplorable, seeking confrontation and hoping for a brutal response to win sympathy or gain an issue. That is why those who uphold the law must be wiser and calmer than those who seek to repudiate it. It was, after all, a mob that taunted, jeered, and physically provoked an armed force on our soil into what we now call the Boston Massacre—the British overreaction we now regard as an assault on ideas and freedom as much as on people."

Lindsay's civil-libertarian, anti-Viet Nam stance spreads over a base of cities almost like the old New Deal coalition. Whether it represents a danger to the Republican establishment or offers any permanent attraction to anti-establishment Democrats is hard to say. In any event, *The City* makes clear that Lindsay, perhaps the only powerful political figure on the national horizon who seems attractive to youth, is trying to keep his political options open while sounding a call for committed followers at the same time.

The A Minus Rebels

THE BATTLE FOR MORNINGSIDE
HEIGHTS: Why Students Rebel by Roger Kahn. 254 pages. Morrow. \$6.95.

It was just after the New York City police used nightsticks, saps, blackjacks and large, bony knuckles to sweep the student occupiers from the sanctums of Columbia University. At this moment, a woman identified as Mrs. Jeanette Cohen was heard to cry: "That the police should do this to such boys! They are all ninety percenters. A minus at the least." The police, most of them from lower-middle-class backgrounds where the status climb stopped with the civil service, had a slightly different view. To many of them, "such boys" were a puzzling, infuriating, foul-mouthed, cop-baiting bunch of nigger-loving, Commie-Jew bastards.

The Columbia confrontation is by now a familiar classic of student dis-

NEW YORK DAILY NEWS



CONFRONTATION AT COLUMBIA IN 1968
Ideals must not be parroted.

sent. Yet Roger Kahn, a 42-year-old New Yorker who spent many months interviewing the participants, has turned the 1968 spring uprising into a thought-provoking, if slightly Wagnerian drama. His book is both broader and more perceptive than the accounts that were rushed into print at the time.

Kahn traces Columbia's flowering both as a temple of educational enlightenment and a vast real estate company with assets of \$425 million. He cites numerous incidents in which the educational ideals of the university conflicted with its drive to preserve and expand its equity. Elsewhere he draws useful distinctions between Columbia's schizophrenic structure and the reasonable, though uninspired and often outdated men who attempted to manage it. Former President Grayson Kirk, for example, is viewed as an aloof, poorly informed man who rode around in a black Cadillac licensed GK-1. By contrast, S.D.S. Leader Mark Rudd shows a jungle instinct for the weakness of his elders; he emerges as a troublemaker, possibly useful as a goad in a good cause, but essentially a shortsighted opportunist.

What happened at Columbia, Kahn suggests, was a significant warning to the men in power that ideals parroted as commencement rhetoric may not be safely compromised at board meetings.

Although Kahn's own sympathies are clearly with the radicals, he preserves a fine eye for the humor and irony in the midst of turmoil. For example, one earnest young man attending the off-campus S.D.S. Liberation School proudly proclaims: "I feel that I have begun my personal liberation. For the last two weeks I haven't read the New York Times." And Mark Rudd, who completely liberated himself from Columbia, now gets up to \$750 a lecture.

Best Sellers

FICTION

1. *The French Lieutenant's Woman*, Fowles (1 last week)
2. *Love Story*, Segal (8)
3. *The Godfather*, Puzo (3)
4. *Travelers with My Aunt*, Greene (2)
5. *Mr. Sammler's Planet*, Bellow (7)
6. *The House on the Strand*, du Maurier (4)
7. *The Gang That Couldn't Shoot Straight*, Breslin (5)
8. *The Inheritors*, Robbins (6)
9. *Fire from Heaven*, Renault
10. *Puppet on a Chain*, MacLean

NONFICTION

1. *Everything You Always Wanted to Know about Sex*, Reuben (1)
2. *Mary Queen of Scots*, Fraser (2)
3. *The Selling of the President 1968*, McGinniss (3)
4. *Love and Will*, May (9)
5. *The Graham Kerr Cookbook* (7)
6. *The American Heritage Dictionary* (4)
7. *Present at the Creation*, Acheson (8)
8. *Culture and Commitment*, Mead
9. *Ruffles and Flourishes*, Carpenter (10)
10. *In Someone's Shadow*, McKuen (6)

CINEMA

Uneasy Rider

*Commuter—one who spends his life
In riding to and from his wife;
A man who shaves and takes a train
And then rides back to shave again.*

So ran E.B. White's light verse in 1925. Later such novelists as Peter De Vries and John Cheever revealed the darker poetry of the strange islands visited by the 8:02 and the 6:55. Now, about 15 years behind schedule, *Loving* creaks into the local station. Though it copies many of Cheever's mannerisms, it offers none of his insight or humanity. Yet, from its pretentious title to its artificial fadeout, *Loving** poses as a train of revelations.

Freelance Artist Brooks Wilson (George Segal) lives your average 9 to

Wilson beds down with the wife (Nancie Phillips) of a fellow commuter in the outside playhouse. Sure enough, a TV monitor, installed to oversee children at play, records the grope for the amusement of the guests and the despair of Mrs., mistress and Mr.

Segal, whose comic gifts are evident even in melodrama, is allowed a few light moments in the murky pseudo-sensitivity. But whenever the risibility reaches visibility, it is quashed by Director Irvin Kershner's instinct for vulgarity. Most of the time Segal lurches self-sorrowfully around town as if he had just received six bullets in the stomach. The rest of the cast, including such proven caricatures as Keenan Wynn and Sterling Hayden, similarly behave as if they were dispensing painful truths instead of numbing fictions.

Depicting the commuter as a harassed, crab-grassed hypocrite is the equivalent of the 19th century view of moral wastrels disporting in the wicked city. There is indeed a crack in the picture window, but *Loving* demonstrates that if it obscures the vision of those looking out, it is far more distorting to smug voyeurs peering in.

Grounded

Somewhat, they carted *The VIPs* from the *Grand Hotel* out to the *Airport* to make one of those old-fashioned Hollywood movies they don't make any more.

The kaleidoscopic plot, adapted from Arthur Hailey's bestselling novel, is absurdly complex, and the cast of a dozen stars scurries about to service it. Burt Lancaster lumbers about as Mel Bakersfield, manager of an unnamed metropolitan airport who is faced with the usual night of danger, laughter, suspense and heartbreak. Burt's main problem of the moment is the jetliner stuck in the snow out there on No. 29 runway. As if that were not enough, another flight just has to land on that runway. Seems there is a mad bomber (Van Heflin) on board, who is threatening to blow up the plane to give his wife (Maureen Stapleton) all the insurance money. Such churlish behavior endangers the crew of what must be the world's largest flying soap opera, including Captain Dean Martin and his pregnant girl friend, Stewardess Jacqueline Bisset; Co-Captain Barry Nelson, home-loving father of seven; and cute little old Helen Hayes, who keeps stowing away aboard all kinds of flights.

Meanwhile, back on the ground, gruff but lovable Troublesooter George Kennedy is struggling to clear the runway of snow, while the airport's p.r. girl, Jean Seberg, casts concerned glances at stoic Manager Lancaster. Customs Officer Lloyd Nolan tries to keep the flow of contraband at a minimum, but the flow of clichés is not, unfortunately, his department. Produced by Ross Hunter, fearless champion of the industry's

arrière-garde (*Pillow Talk* and *Thoroughly Modern Millie*), the movie spends over two hours proving what every seasoned traveler already knows: waiting around airports can be a drag.

Anti-Personnel Weapon

In the '60s, the most castigated figure in American life was the white liberal. Maligned by youth, by blacks, and eventually by himself, the white liberal has only recently begun to counterattack. Who went South to integrate Mississippi? he asks. Who supported the Warren Court? Urban planning? Pollution control? Open housing? But whenever the liberal begins to bolster his case, along comes some damaging new weapon to support the radical credo. The latest is a destructive anti-personnel device entitled *The Liberation of L.B. Jones*.

In less than two hours it provides an anthology of liberal cant bound in a dust jacket of self-esteem. Lord Byron Jones



PHILLIPS & SEGAL IN "LOVING"
Invisibly for the risibility.

5 life: wife (Eva Marie Saint) in Connecticut; mistress (Janis Young) in Manhattan. Wilson has trouble peddling his ad illustrations—possibly because they look as if they were traced from a 1945 copy of the *Saturday Evening Post*. His wife has a combination of eros and vulnerability rarely seen outside Scandinavian movies, but Wilson prefers his hostile innamorata—possibly because she has almost no dialogue. To combat the strains of shuttling, the uneasy rider takes on huge loads of alcohol and begins alienating wife, children, colleagues and himself.

Any devotee of cheap Sodom-in-the-suburbs fiction can predict the finale. *Walpurgisnacht* occurs at a monumental bash through your typical Fairfield County vulgarian. Crooked, randy, and desperate to get "the Lepridon account,"



FALANA & BROWNE IN "LIBERATION"
Sassing massuhs between yassuhs.

(Roscoe Lee Browne) is a wealthy undertaker with two sources of shame: his skin, which is black, and his wife (Lola Falana), who has been carrying on with a white policeman (Anthony Zerbe). Jones discards his cowardice and sues for divorce—a maneuver designed to expose the sinners and, incidentally, the hypocrisy of the state of Tennessee. Jones' "liberation" is his murder, but along the way he frees his brethren and damns the Old South, as presented by his pompous white lawyer Lee J. Cobb.

Anyone familiar with Scenarist Stirling Silliphant's television work (*Route 66*) knows his fondness for the stereotype. In *L.B. Jones* he has added extra filip: not only are there shuffling old Negroes sassing the massuhs between yassuhs, there are also satanic, mush-mouthed cops who are rapidly replacing the Indian as exemplars of tribal villainy. Mandatory violence is provided by scenes of the forcible rape of a black

* Not to be confused with the brilliant 1945 novel of the same name by Henry Green.

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woman, the throat-slitting of a black man, and the lovingly detailed *dens ex machina* of a cop chewed to death by a threshing machine. Director William Wyler (*The Friendly Persuasion*), who once knew better, now forces his actors to boom their lines as if they were reading them from the base of a monument. Under his ham hand, each confrontation seems like an incitement to violence rather than understanding.

At its first New York preview, *The Liberation of L.B. Jones* provoked a brief fistfight between a Negro youth and a white man. This response—which could echo at theaters around the country—accurately reflects the film: frustrating, morally ugly, and in the end as banal as evil itself.

Magnificent Pretensions

Dr. Jack is in a heap of trouble. He awakens one sparkling Southwestern morning to discover that his wife has been bludgeoned to death in bed, and he has only the flimsiest recollection of how it happened. Without a trial, he is summarily convicted by small-town mores and yellow journalism. But there is a knight in Harvard armor waiting on the prairie. Folks round those parts don't much cotton to the young lawyer because he's named Tony Petrocelli, and he defends the town drunk and talks back to officers of the law. But maybe, Dr. Jack figures, a young sharpshooter like Tony is just what he needs.

If all that sounds like Sam Sheppard and F. Lee Bailey in *Easy Rider*, it is unashamedly supposed to. A modestly budgeted film without a name star, *The Lawyer* has magnificent pretensions. It seeks to analyze the dilemma of freedom of the press v. a defendant's pretrial rights, probe the personality of an ambitious young trial lawyer and lay bare the snug, self-righteous rural soul (which suffers from overexposure anyway). The result is a demolition derby that threatens to wreck everyone in sight.

The wonder is that a few emerge unscathed. Director Sidney Furie (*The Leather Boys*, *The Ipcress File*) uses film gimmicks that have become pure convention: oblique camera angles, elliptical scene shifts, blinding lights to denote oppressive authority. Still, he maintains an even pace that helps tone down the film's giddy aspirations. As Petrocelli, Newcomer Barry Newman must cope with the staggering improbability of the lawyer's very presence in the town. But he approaches the role with cheerful pugnacity instead of that air of insufferable concern that overlays most screen lawyers. The master craftsman in this mélange, though, is Harry Gould, who portrays the guileful, geriatric district attorney. Wearing a rumpled suit and a feral gleam, he baits witnesses with soft-voiced ruthlessness and brazenly plays on the jury's sympathies. His well-modulated performance demonstrates a principle that jurists and film makers alike should remark: solid courtroom drama ought to be that and nothing more.

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